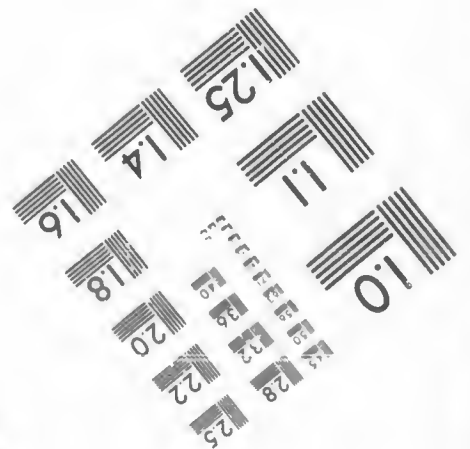
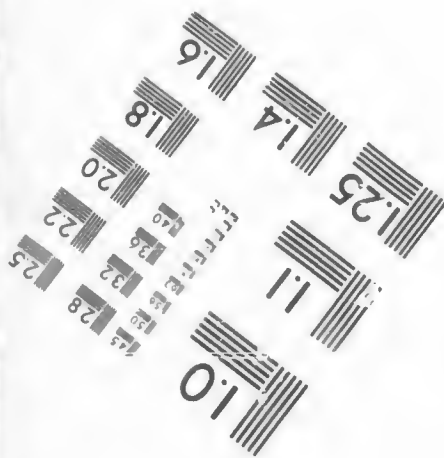
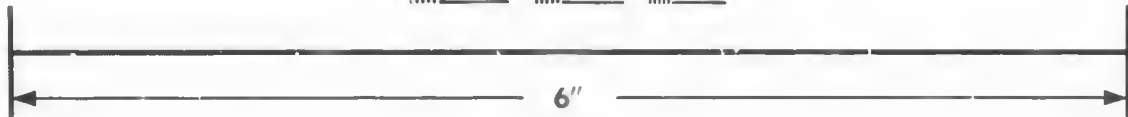
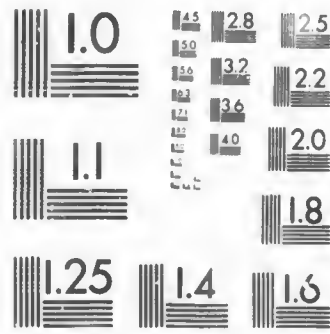


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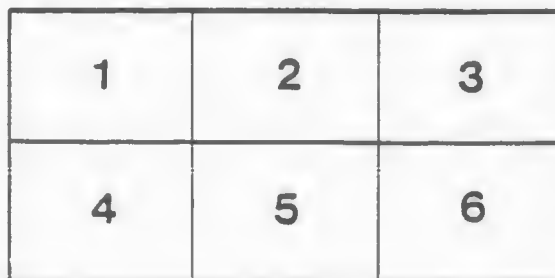
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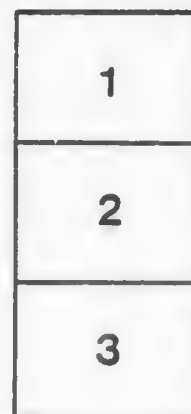
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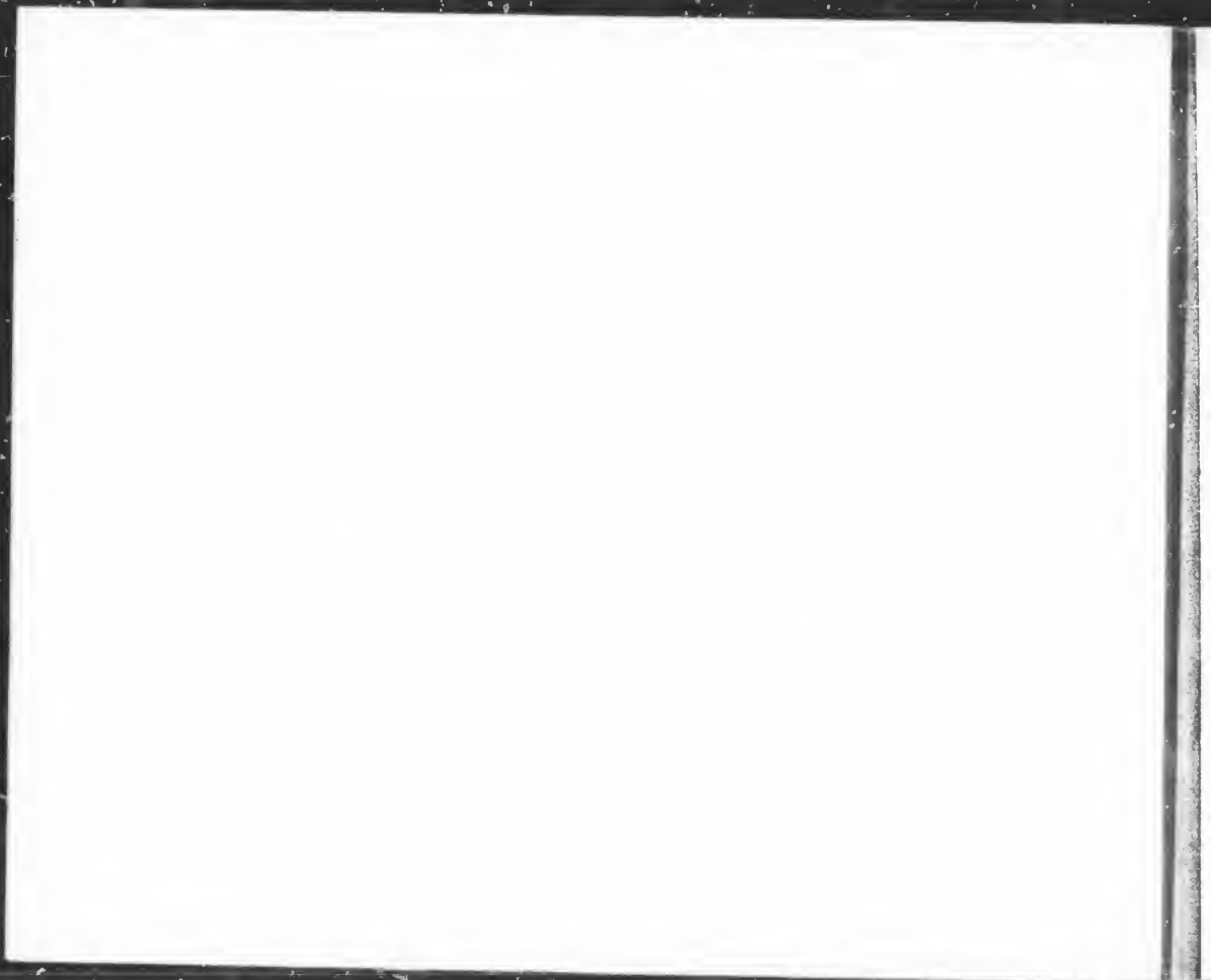
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AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
WORK OF GOD,
IN

Newfoundland, North-America,

In a Series of LETTERS,

To which are prefixed a few

CHOICE EXPERIENCES;

Some of which were taken from the Lips of Persons,
who died triumphantly in the FAITH.

*O come hither, and hearken, all ye that fear God; and
I will tell you what he hath done for my Soul.*

To which are added, some excellent Sentiments,
extracted from the Writings of an eminent Divine.

Humbly Dedicated to the Right Honourable
THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON,

By the Rev. L. COUGHLAN,

Late Missionary to the Society for propagating the
Gospel in Foreign Parts, at Harbour-Grace, and
Carleton, in Conception Bay, Newfoundland, and
now Minister of Cumberland-Street Chapel, London.

LONDON: Printed by W. GILBERT, No. 13,
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COUNTESS of HUNTINGDON.

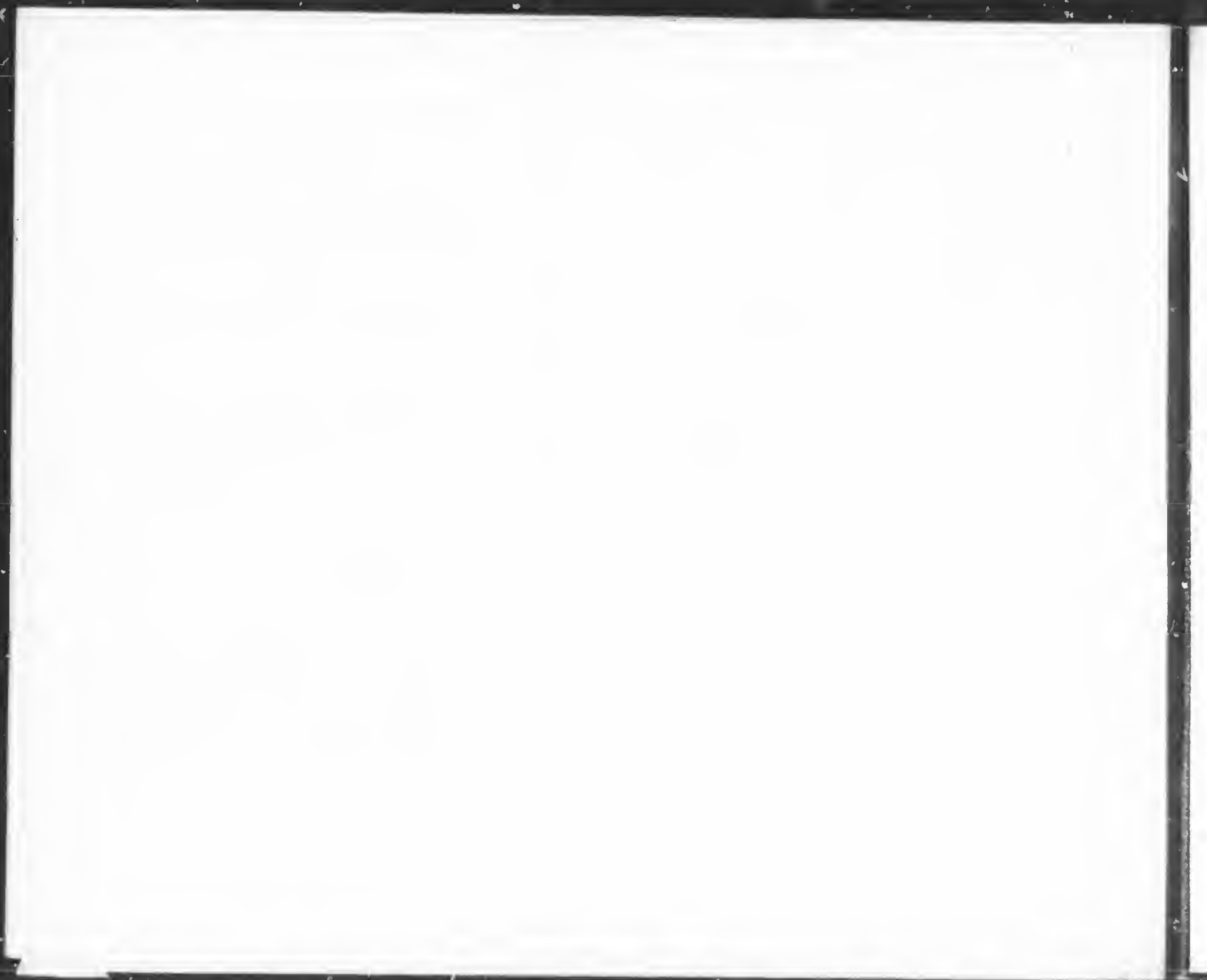
M A D A M,

MY having had the Honour of being acquainted with your Ladyship some Time, and knowing the great Zeal that you are possessed of for the Glory of the Lprd Jesus, and the Salvation of immortal and never dying Souls, was one Motive that excited me to put the following Accounts under your Ladyship's Patronage. I was further encouraged by your Ladyship, as you, in a way of Providence, saw one of the Accounts, which met with your Ladyship's Approbation, and which you desired I would commit to the World, to shew the Dealings of God with precious Souls. I now, my Lady, hope that

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this

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DEDICATION.

this little Drop from the Rock, which was gathered in foreign Parts, will, by the Grace of God, have a Tendency to promote his Glory, and prove a Means of stirring up the dear Children of God, and weaning them more and more from the Things of Time and Sense, which perish in the using. This, my Lady, is the View which I have in publishing these little Fragments, which I picked up in Newfoundland: They are the artless Language of precious Souls, whom I attended in their last Moments: May our dear Lord bless the same to all those to whom they may come; and may they leave a lasting Impression on every Mind; that Men may not only read how Christians die, but may live the Life of the Righteous, that they may die the Death of the Righteous.

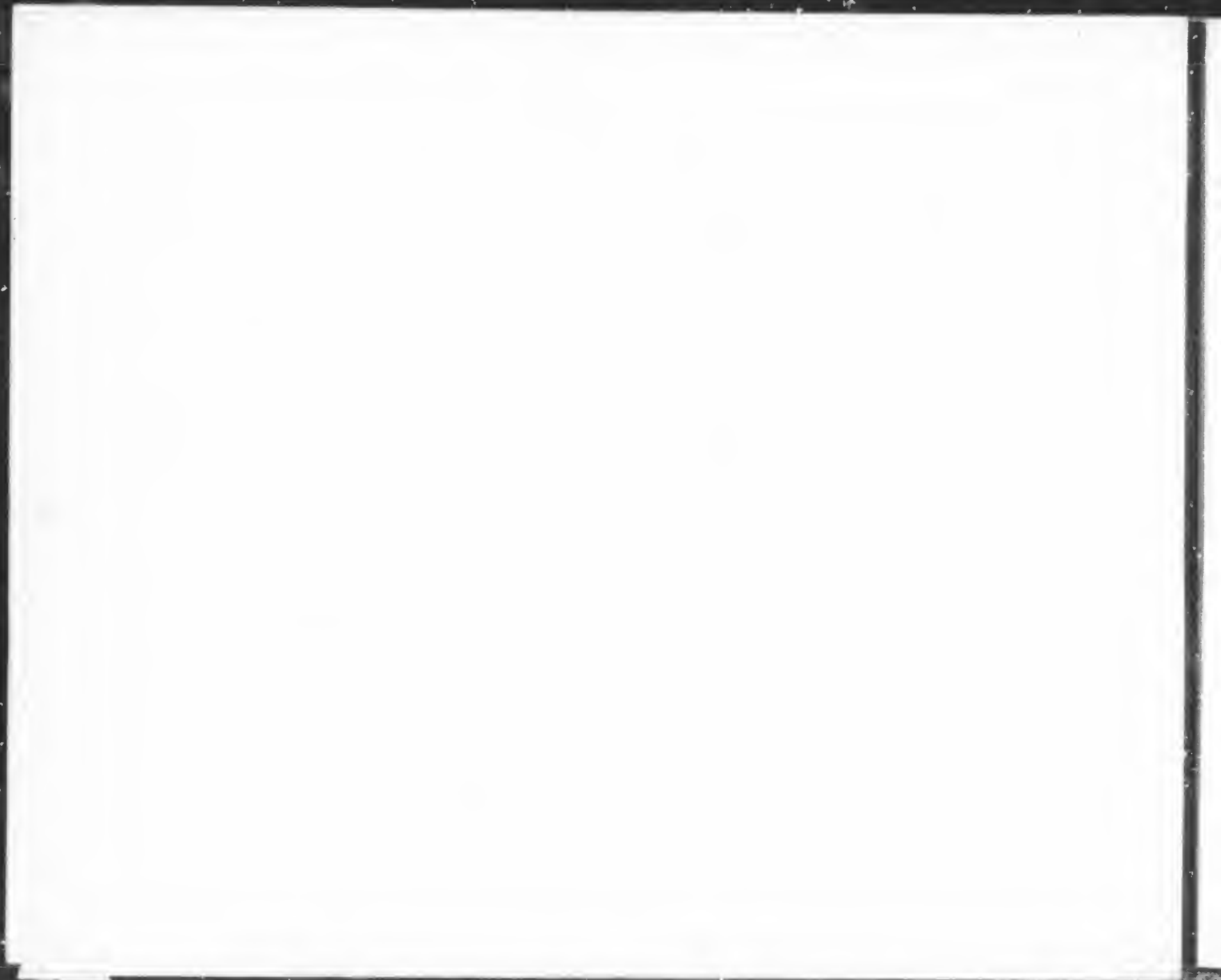
I am, My Lady,
Your Ladyship's most obliged,
And very humble Servant.

L. C.

PREFACE.

TO THE
CHRISTIAN READER.

THERE is nothing more pleasant and comfortable, more animating and enlivening, more ravishing and Soul-contenting, to a true Christian, than the frequent reading the Experiences of dying Saints; this discovers the Communion and Oneness that subsists between the Head and Members, Christ Jesus being the whole of Man's Happiness; the Sun, which gives him Light in Darkness, the Physician, who heals his Soul's Sickness; the Wall of Fire, which defends him in all the Assaults of his Enemies; the Friend, who comforts him in Hiserness; the Ark, which supports him in the Deluge of all his Diseases; the Rock, which sustains him under the heaviest Pressure; the Enjoyment, which solaceth him in the deepest Sorrows; while the Want of Christ distracteth Souls in the greatest worldly Abundance. Christ is the Pillar, which protects and leads his dear Children.



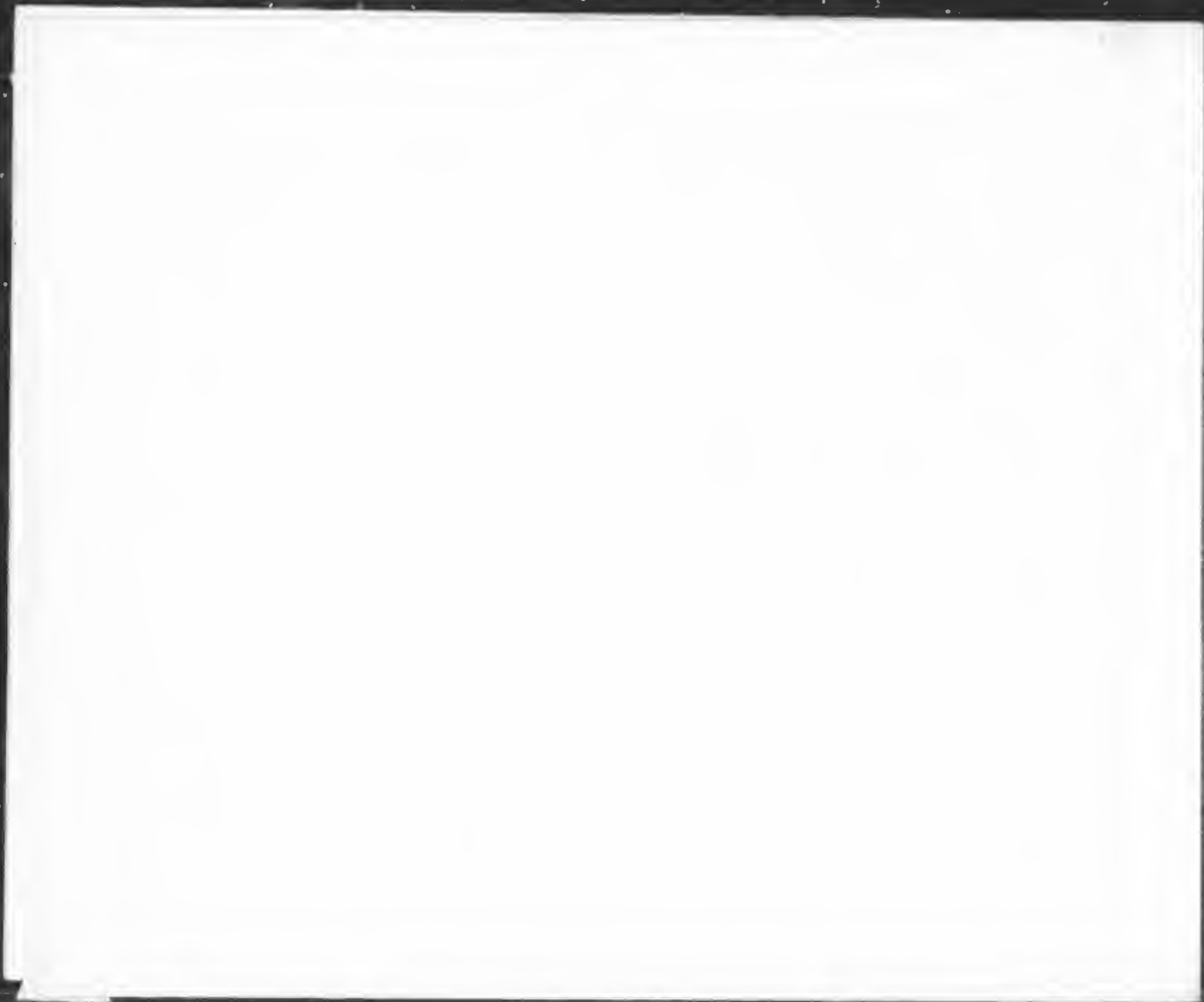
He is the Heavenly Mamma, which feeds the Jew's People; he is the brazen Serpent, which cures them of the sinful Venim; which the fiery Serpent hath infused into them: For Christ is the All in All, in whom Mercy is seated, and through whom, it is revealed and communicated to all that thirst after it.

Nothing can make that Man miserable, who hath Christ for his Portion; Christ being the only Well that is able to refresh and fill us, when all our Vessels, like Hagar's, prove empty Bottles. Christ is the only Conductor, who is able to lead his People through this Wilderness; and Red Sea of manifold Adversities; the only Companion to comfort us, when God calls us to pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. From hence it appears, that having Christ, we are secure; but, without Christ, all other Enjoyments are worth Nothing. Stand not therefore upon the Cost, whether Pains, or Tears; or Prayers, Peace or Wealth, Goods or Name, Life or Liberty; sell all for this Pearl: Christ is of that Worth and Use, that thou canst never overbuy him, though thou givest thyself, and all the World for him. The making sure of Christ is the Assurance of all the rest.

Be constant in the Knowledge of Faith, Love, Fear, and Profession of Christ. Be not, in the Matter of God's Worship and thy Salvation, like a Reed shaken with the Wind. Be not carried to and fro with every Wind of Doctrine,
like

like a Ship without a Rudder. Be not tossed up and down with every Gust and Wave of Affliction. Take not thy leave of Christ, as Orpha did of Naomi, for any Distress that may befall the Church, or the Cause of Christ; do not leave the Sun for a Glow-Worm, the Favour of God for the Love of Men; do not change the Ark for the World, the Wheat for Chaff.

It was the Saying of Constantine the Great, "He that will be false to God will never be true to Man for Conscience Sake." He that breaketh Faith with God is not worthy of the least Credit with Men. Take heed then, let not Thoughts within thee arise of departing from the living God; but press forward, draw nearer, and nearer to God. Break through all the Armies of Opposition and Discouragement, which do or shall encounter thee; as David's Worthies, break through the Armies of the Philistines, and come to the Wells of Bethel. Grow in Knowledge, as the Light shining more and more unto the perfect Day. Grow in Faith, as the Trees in Root; increase in Love, as the Fire in Heat, having much Wood; be not terrified with any Combinations; be not disheartened with any Losses; revolt not for Fear of any Suffering; there is enough in Christ to make a superabundant Recompense; in him, thou hast an Iron Pillar, when all thy withered Reeds are broken; a Wall of Fire, when all the Re-
B 3 suges



VI. P R E F A C E.

Juges and Hiding-Places of Chaff and Stubble are scattered, like the Dust before the Wind: In him thou hast a glorious Sun, when all the blazing Stars of thy worldly Comforts are extinguished, and come to nought; a Bridegroom, the Chiefest among Ten Thousand, when all thy Friends, according to the Flesh, are put to perpetual Silence in the Grave. O then suffer thyself now to be guided by Christ; prostrate thyself under the Feet of Christ; be with Christ; repose thyself upon him; increase thy Interest in Christ; live wholly to Christ; and be ready to suffer and die for Christ; that thou mayest for ever triumph with Christ; so prayest the most unworthy of them who serve the Lord Christ.

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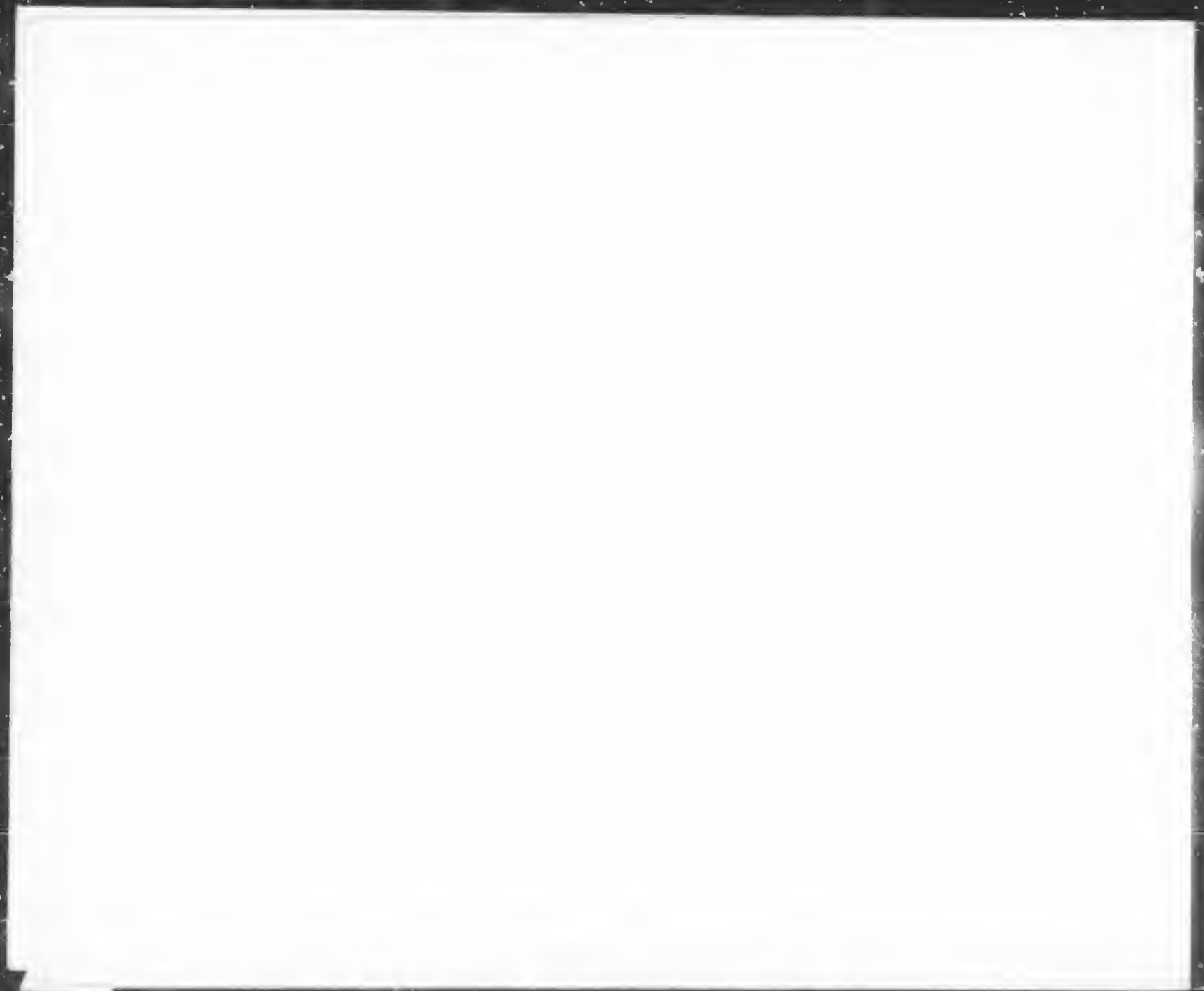
A BRIEF



A BRIEF ACCOUNT
 OF THE
 WORK OF GOD,
 IN
 NEWFOUNDLAND.

*** HIS Work began in a very
 *** T *** remarkable Manner; not com-
 *** *** mon, as in England, Scotland, or
 *** *** Ireland. We find the Revival of
 Religion in England (which has been car-
 ried on for above Thirty Years) began soon
 after the Gospel came to the Parts where
 it had been preached, but this differs some-
 what; for the Gospel was preached in
 Newfoundland near three Years before there
 was the least Appearance of any Awaken-
 ing.

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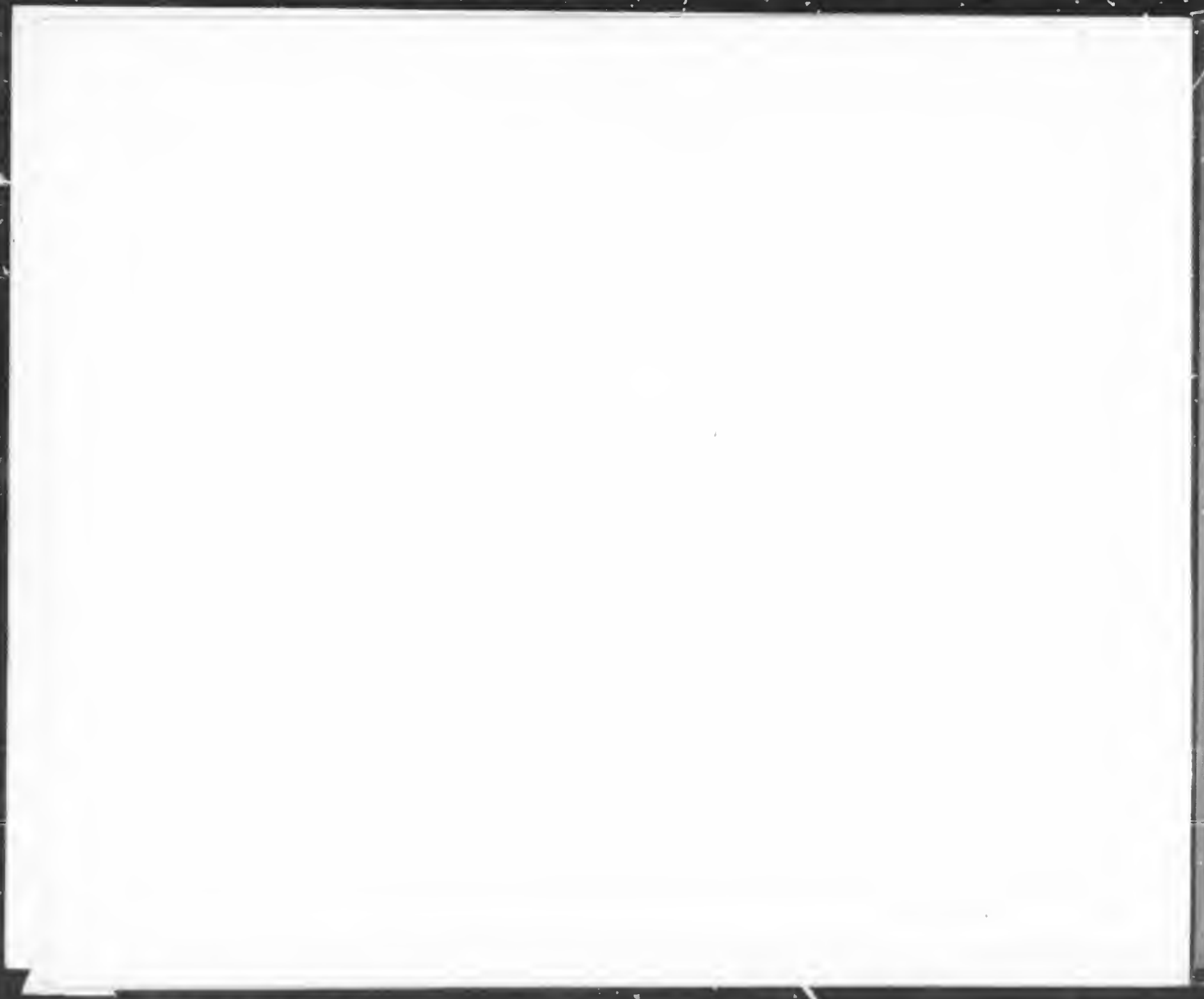


This was very discouraging to me, inso-
much that I often concluded, that God had
never called me to that Place. This kept me
exceeding low; at last, I was determined,
that I would not stay in such a poor deso-
late Land, and spend my Strength for
nought.

I had many ups and downs: — None can
tell the Affliction which a Minister of Jesus
Christ feels, when he has the Care of a
Parish, and very little Fruit of his Labour;
this is like hewing of Wood; or drawing of
Water. Those who are called Ministers,
but are not sent of God, *Gallio* like,
care for none of these Things; if they have
their Salary, and their Income answers their
Expectation, all is well with them; they
desire no further Proof of their being sent
of God; but this will not content a true
Evangelical Minister, notwithstanding that
he wants not Food and Raiment, and *the
Labourer is worthy of his Hire*; all which is
reasonable, seeing it is written, *Thou shalt
not muzzle the Ox that treadeth out the Corn.*
A true Minister looks for a more glori-
ous Fruit of his Labour, and Proof that
God has called him to preach his everlast-
ing Gospel. He looks for a Reforma-
tion of Manners; such as *the Wicked to
forsake his Ways, and the Unrighteous Man his
Thoughts.* And as the Understanding is first
informed,

informed, it then follows for the Life and
Manners to be reformed. This was, in
some Measure, the Case in *Newfoundland*,
though not in general, for some would not be
persuaded to part with their beloved Lusts.
*Behold, ye Despisers, and wonder, and perish: I
work a Work in your Days, which you shall in no
wise believe, though a Man declare it unto you.*

The Way in which this Work began was
very remarkable. In the Course of the
Winter, I went from House to House; and
read a Portion of God's Word; and ex-
pounded the same. This I continued to
do about four Times a Week, for near three
Years, before I perceived the least Fruit of
my Labour; but at length God was pleased
to bless my Endeavours in a very wonder-
ful Manner: For now many were pricked to
*the Heart, and cried out; What must I do to be
saved?* Some prayed aloud in the Congre-
gation; others praised aloud, and declared
what God had done for their Souls: Nor
was this only at their private Meetings, now
and then, but also in the great Congrega-
tions. The Word was now like *Fire, or
like a Hammer, that breaketh the Rock to Pieces.*
Now the Word was indeed *quick and power-
ful, sharper than a two-edged Sword, dividing
between Soul and Spirit, Joint and Marrow, and
was a Discerner of the Thoughts and Intentions of
the Heart.* Now the Devil began to roar;
hitherto



hitherto he had kept his Palace, and his Goods were in Peace: Jesus, who is the Stronger, came and spoiled his Goods, and took away his Armour wherein he trusted; so that he was a conquered Foe.

Now, to be revenged, Satan sets to work from another Quarter, which was to work in the Hearts of the Children of Disobedience: The Gentlemen and Magistrates began to threaten what they would do; accordingly they draw up a Petition, signed by twelve Merchants, and Gentlemen, so called, wherein they set me forth black enough to the Governor, and begged that he would either silence, or turn me out of the Land. After this, I was called before a Court of Judicature, where they laid Things to my Charge which I knew not: Some of my Friends were ashamed, and others intimidated; but the Everlasting Friend of Sinners appeared for me, and all my Enemies were found Liars. *They that trust in the Lord shall never be confounded.*

Another Instance of the great Care which the Shepherd of Israel has over his Sheep, thus appears:—Those Enemies, finding they could not prevail to stop my Mouth, or turn me out of the Land, laid a Scheme (it seems) to get the Doctor, to give me a Dose, which would put an End to my Existence, but this was discovered by the Doctor,

Doctor, who desired that I would be upon my guard. *No Weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper. The Lord God is a Sun and Shield, and will give Grace and Glory.* All this while, God was doing great Things for his People.—It is no Wonder, when the Kingdom of the Wicked One is shaken, that he should raise up his Children to disturb the Peace of God's People.

For three Years I laboured Night and Day, from House to House; but I could not perceive any Appearance of Conviction, or Conversion, take place throughout the Parish; during which Time; we had no outward Persecution; but at length a glorious War broke out.—The Joys of the Church of God on one hand; and Cries or broken-hearted Sinners on the other, were very alarming.—I then began to be ashamed of my Littleness of Faith; for it was but a few Weeks before this Outpouring of the Spirit; that I concluded; that God had never sent me to that People; and therefore I had settled my Affairs, in order to return to *England*; but being the Arm of the Lord revealed, it silenced all my Fears, and constrained me to cry out, *This is the Lord's Doing*; and may he have all the Glory: *It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that worketh all things.* My poor Heart often cried out,
the



the Power will come in such a Time, and under such a Sermon; but the Voice of God is not in our Way or Time, but when he will, and by whom, and in what Manner he pleases.

Now, as a new and powerful Work appeared; the Devil began with new Temptations;—before, my Fears were, that there was no Good done; now the Enemy came in, with, perhaps this will not stand, or why could there not be a Work of God carried on without such a Noise, both in private Houses and in the great Congregations? (although with regard to crying out I never encouraged it, nor dare I speak directly against it;) but so it was, that, under almost every Sermon and Exhortation, some were cut to the Heart, and others rejoiced in loud Songs of Praises. Here I was at a Stand, and did not know what to do; that the mighty Power of God came down was very manifest, but my great Fear was, that the Devil would strive to mingle there, with some false Fire, and impose upon some, in order to bring an evil Report upon the good Lord: But in this, God took care of his own Work, which was sweetly carried on every Week. God was daily adding Converts to the Church, such as should be saved.

For

For a Proof of this, the Reader may see the various Accounts which I have received from several Persons; some of whom are living Witnesses of this glorious Truth: Their Language is artless and simple, without the least human Embellishment, but as they experienced the Workings of the Spirit of God; nor is it to be wondered, that so much Simplicity should be seen in the following Accounts, seeing that, in this Part of *Newfoundland*, they never had a Minister, till the Providence of God sent me there: Many of them declared, that at first they came not to hear me, but to see me, whether I was like another Man: As to the Gospel, they had not the least Notion of it: Drinking, and Dancing, and Gaming, they were acquainted with; these, they were taught by the *Europeans*, who came annually to fish: Accordingly, this Remark they made to me, — That whereas the *Europeans* did such Things, they thought it no Harm. — But here I might use the Language of Scripture, with a little Deviation, and say of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, had the mighty Works, which were done in thee, been done in *Newfoundland*, they would, before now, have been burning and shining Lights.

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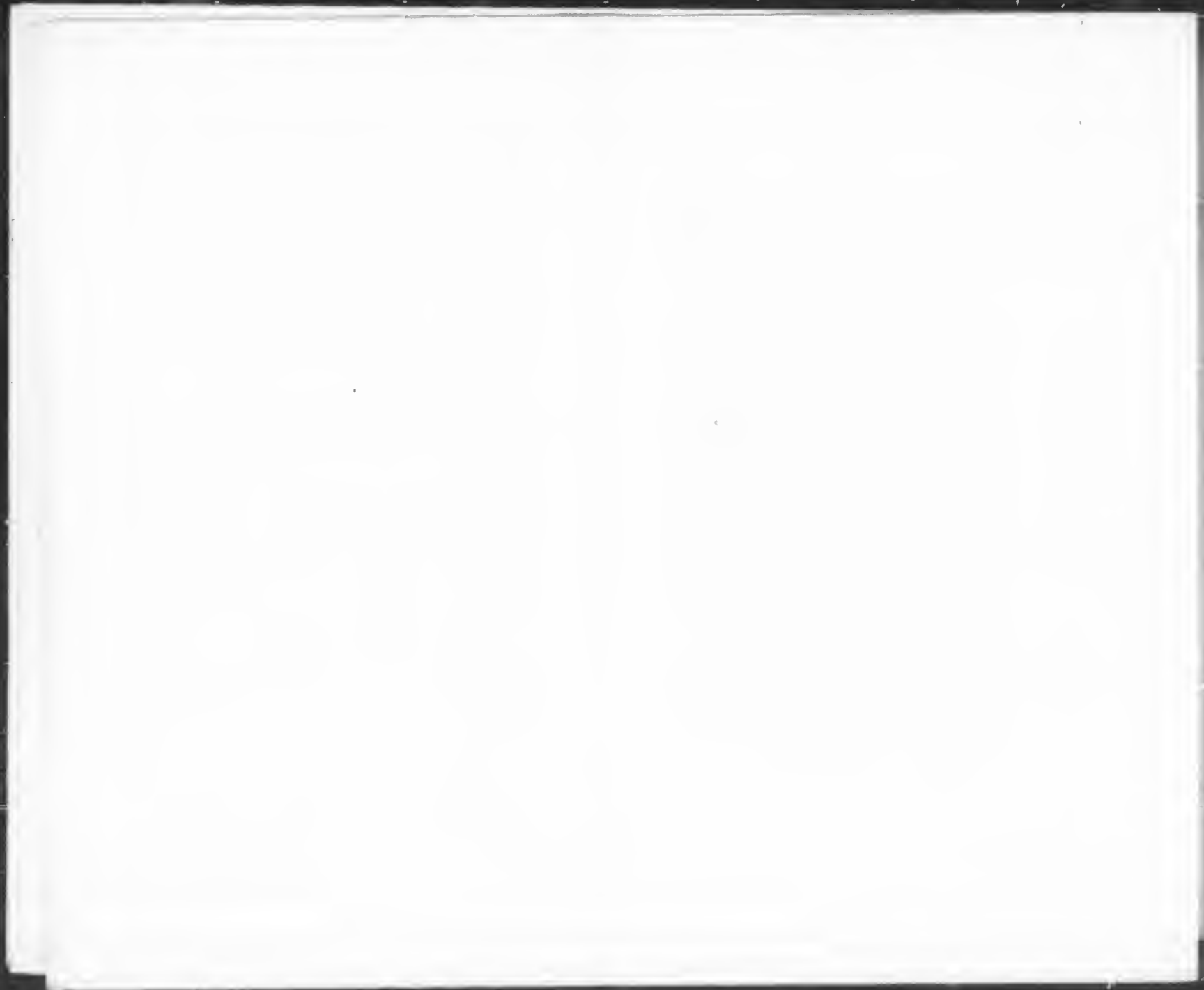


This Work was carried on with great Success, and all that the Children of Darkness could do against it availed little. The Enemy now began to work from another Quarter, in the following Manner: One Merchant was sent in the Name of many, or as a Representative of the Body, to me, with this Message, That if I did not change my Way of Preaching, they would withdraw their Subscriptions; but this Gentleman said, he would not, notwithstanding he knew the others would, for that they said my Way of preaching was Madness. I told him, that on the next Sunday I would prove I was not mad. Accordingly, on next Lord's Day Morning, I preached from *Mat. xxvi. 25. I am not mad.* From which Words, I first shewed, who they were that might be properly said to be mad, namely, Drunkards, Swearers, &c. were mad; and, in the next place, I shewed, that those who were turned from Darkness to Light, and feared God, and worked Righteousness, could not, with any Propriety, be considered as mad. — From this Time, many of the Gentry withdrew their Subscriptions, and as they could not stop me from preaching, they were determined to starve me; but this also proved abortive; and I could rest upon the Words

of

of my dear Master, *Thy Bread shall be given thee, and thy Water shall be sure; they that trust in the Lord shall lack no Manner of Thing that is good;* — and I found, this Truth was also fulfilled, *Godliness is profitable to all Things; having the Promise of this Life, and of that which is to come.* This was the Case with many of the Natives, for, before they received the Gospel, they spent much of their Time in Rioting and Drunkenness; but when the Word took place in their Hearts, many of them not only got out of Debt, but also had to spare.

Here I would remark, how groundless is that Report, that those People who grow religious grow poor, or turn Beggars. — In the best Sense of the Word, they are made poor, not as to outward Things; for if they have but little they have Content; *Godliness with Contentment is great Gain;* so that, if the Children of God are poor, they have Bread to eat which the World knoweth nothing of. Indeed they are all Beggars at the Throne of Grace; and in this they glory, that they have an hearty Welcome to come, and that, *without Money, and without Price.* They ask, and have; they seek, and find: *God is faithful to his Promise: They that wait upon him shall renew their Strength.*



But to return, to give my Reader a particular Account of the above Work going on. — As Religion is an Offence the World will never forgive, a Report soon spread over the Bay, and great Part of the Land, that the People at Harbour-Grace and Carbonear were going mad; this was taken for granted; but out of this seeming Evil, God brought forth Good: *All Things work together for Good, to them that love God, to whom that are the Called according to his Purpose.* — The Report of the Madness brought many from various Quarters to hear for themselves, and when they heard, many of them were like the Bereans, they searched the Scriptures, and found what they heard to be agreeable thereto. — Some came fifteen, some twenty Miles, to hear the Word: I have known some come, with their dear Infants in their Arms, over Mountains of Snow, at the Hazard of their Lives; so mightily did the Word of God prevail.

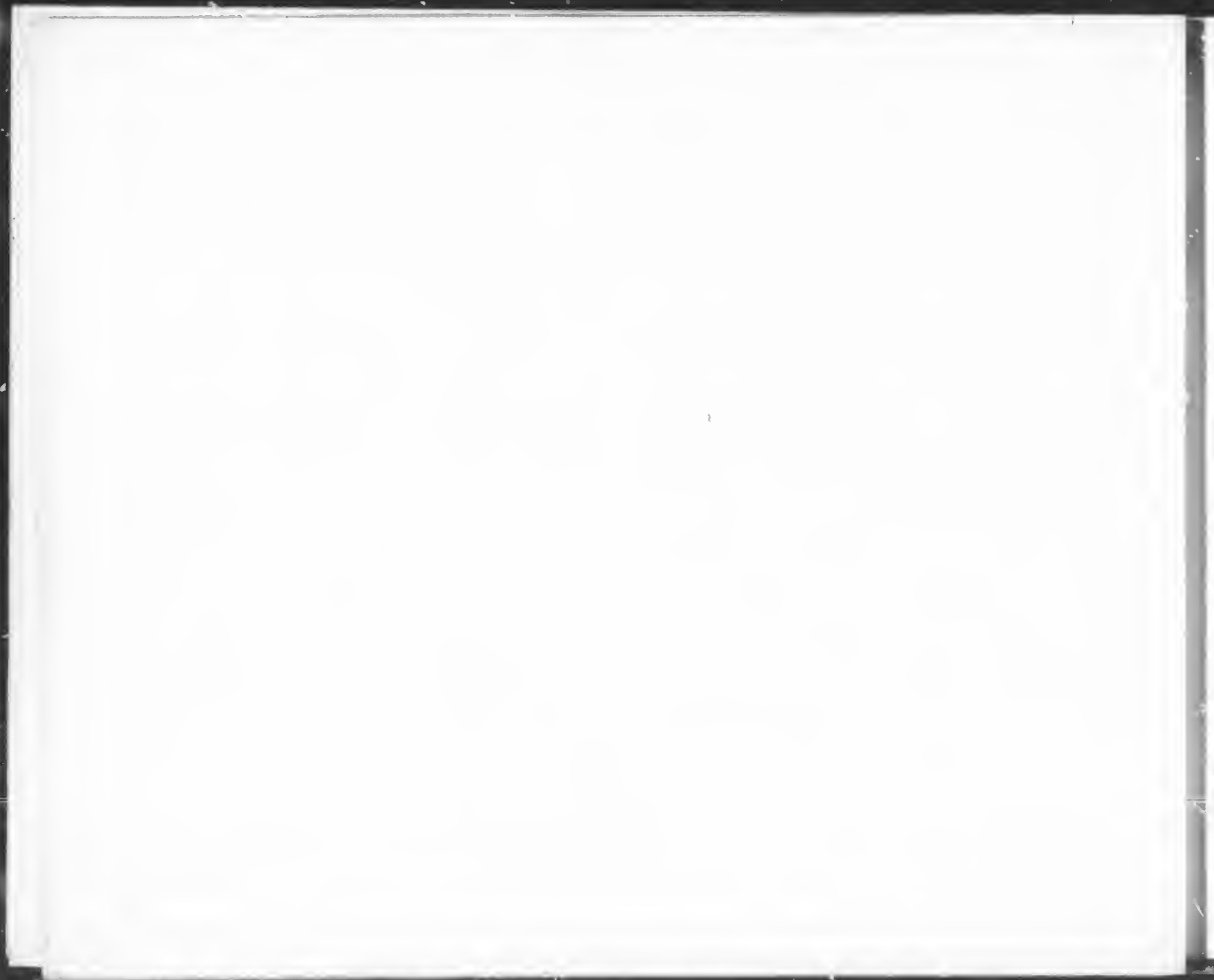
I now had Invitations from various Quarters, which I attended to, when the Weather permitted, as a great Part of our travelling was by Water, in little Skiffs, not much larger than the small Boats upon the River Thames, in London. The Power of God attended the Word wherever I

came.

came: I could clearly see, it was the Day of God's Power.

But as my Consolations now abounded, so did also my Sufferings; I had such dreadful Apprehensions of the Sea, when going in such very small Boats, that my Life was one continued Martyrdom: I had little Rest Day or Night. — The Work spread more and more; where Sabbath-breaking, Playing, and many other Vices had before abounded; the Employment was now Prayer, and singing of Hymns. At this Time, my Health was greatly impaired; hard Labour, and in general salt Provisions, were what Flesh and Blood could not put up with; yet God gave Strength proportionable to my Day.

The Winters in Newfoundland are very severe, there being great Falls of Snow, and hard Frost; the Houses there are mostly very disagreeable to those who are not used to them; in general, they are all Wood; the Walls, so called, are Studs put into the Ground close together, and between each, they stop Moss, as they call it, to keep out the Snow; this they cover with Bark of Trees, and put great Clods over that; some are covered with Boards: In such Houses I have been, and in the Morning my Bedside has had a beautiful white



Covering of Snow, my Shoes have been so hard frozen, that I could not well put them on, till brought to the Fire: But under all this, I was supported, seeing a glorious Work going on.

Now, as God opened the blind Eyes, the People in remote Parts, where I came, saw the Need of forming themselves together, in order to read the Word of God, and to spend some Time in Singing and Prayer, agreeable to the Scriptures. *They that feared the Lord spake often one to another.*

The Bay being very extensive, one Church would not do; so that we soon had three Churches. — A Proof of the great Zeal, which filled those dear Souls in one Part of the Bay, called *Black-Head*, upon the *North Shore*, was this: — They proposed to me, to point out a Place where I would choole to build a Church, which was agreed upon; accordingly all Hands went into the Wood, and cut down as much of it as they wanted, which they hauled out upon what they call Slides. When they had the Timber upon the Place, they sent for me, and I went, thinking there was not one Stick hewn; however they had made great Progress in the Work; the People there in general are good Hatcher Men, (there are very few Carpenters in

Europe,

Europe, who are able to hew a Piece of Timber with those in *Newfoundland*, this they take up naturally; they are People of a very bright Genius: I have known a Man, who could not read a Letter in a Book, go into the Wood, and cut down Timber, bring the same out with the Help of a Servant, and build a Boat, rig it, and afterwards go to Sea with the same Boat. — But to return, the said Church was framed, and covered in, in less than fourteen Days, which contained about four hundred People. — God raised up here a precious People; some, I doubt not, are from this Place gone to Glory; and I trust there are a few to this Day, that continue stedfast, and will be my Crown of Rejoicing in the Great Day.

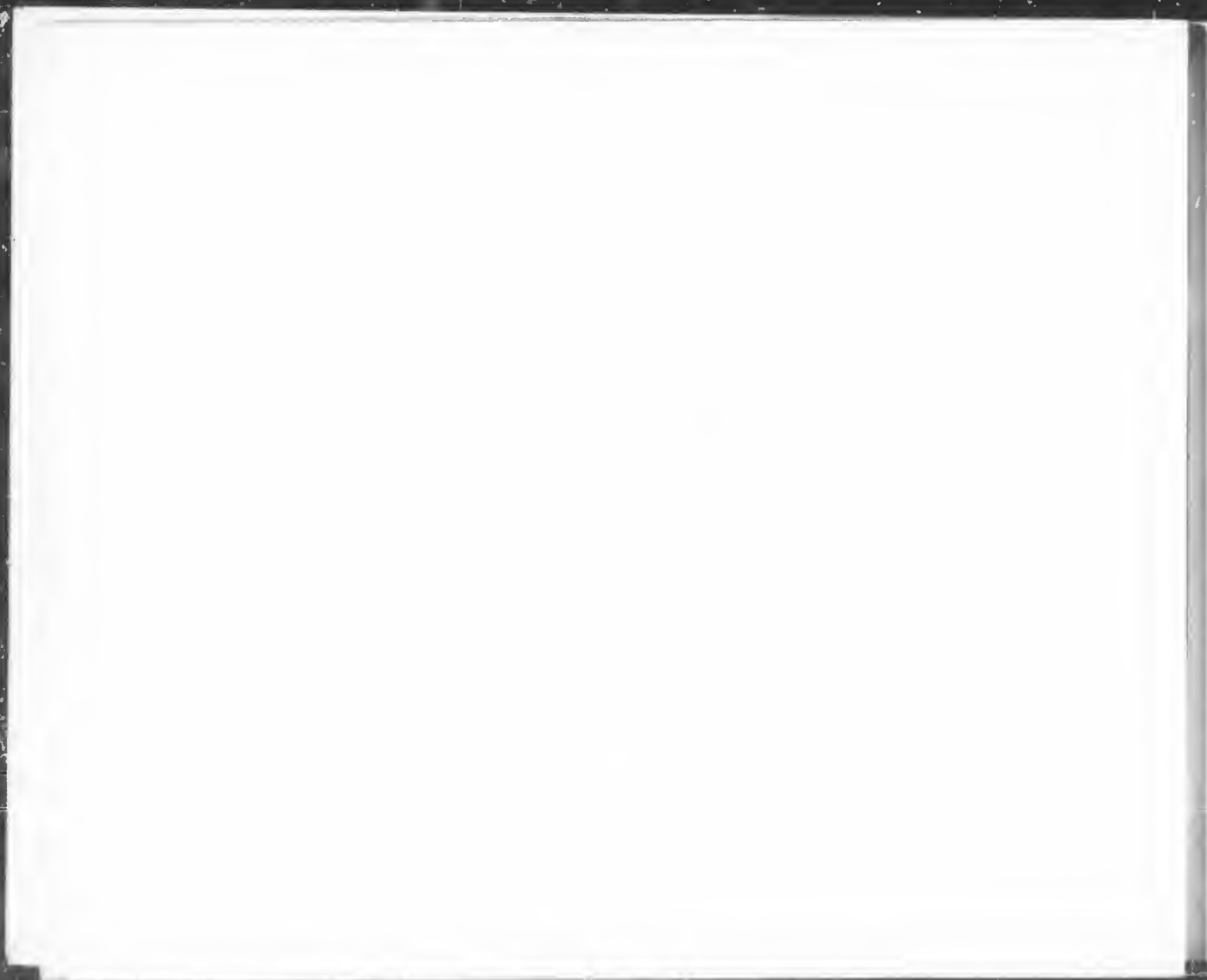
Having preached in the New Church at *Black-Head* sometimes, as I could come here but seldom, it being a very wild Shore, I appointed them to meet together, and read the Church Service; and afterwards to read a Sermon, which I furnished them with: Thus they continued to do; and when the Weather permitted them, they would come to *Harbour-Grace* and *Carbonear*, notwithstanding it was near eighteen Miles by Water. I have known them often come over the mighty Waters,



(28)
at the Hazard of their Lives, with their little Babes in their Arms; — but what will not precious Souls, who have the Love of God shed abroad in their Hearts, go through for a dear Redeemer: God did great Things, in a short Time, in these Parts.

Soon after this Work began, God gave a blessed Testimony thereto (which I trust was much to his Glory, and to the establishing the Word of his Grace among this People) which was by calling one of his dear Children to eternal Rest, who, when upon his Death-Bed, desired that the Minister might be sent for; accordingly I went, and asked him why he sent for me; to which he made answer, "Sir, I sent for you, to tell you what God has done for my poor Soul; but before I tell you, I desire, that all my Friends may be present." — They were sent for; and he desired, that he might partake of the blessed Sacrament; we then joined in Prayer, and of a Truth it was a Time of Love; God filled the House with his Glory. — "Thy Presence makes my Paradise, and where thou art is Heaven." When Jesus is present, all things go well. — After Sacrament, he told me, in what Manner God first called him under the Word, and also the
Time

Time and Place where God first began the Work of Grace upon his Soul, and said, I am thy Salyation; which enabled him to cry out, with the Prophet, *Though thou wast angry with me, thine Anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me.* He then adressed his ancient Parents, and desired them to seek this Truth, which he felt and found to his Soul's Salvation; he also adressed his Wife, and earnestly besought her to make the Lord her Husband. — This was a very moving Sight; his ancient Parents on one Side, his Wife and six small Children on the other. — This Family was remarkable for Harmony and Love. — He said to his Wife, "My dear, I am now going out of a poor miserable World, and I can now tell you where I am going; and I shall be soon crowned with a *Crown that fadeth not away*: As a Husband, I hope, I loved you; and as a Father, I laboured, under God, for my dear Children; but they are no more mine; I give you and them up to my dear Jesus, who gave them me, and *He will be a Father to the Fatherless, and a Husband to the Widow.* — I asked him, if he had any Fear of Death? He said, "No, Sir, I long for Death, it will be a blessed Messenger to my Soul." Can you, said I, give up your dear Wife and



six Children? He replied, "Oh, Sir, I can't *Christ* is more to me than all the World;— Oh, what are all Things to me; *Christ is All and in All!*" Thus he continued to his last Moments. *Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their Labours, and their Works do follow them.*

In this Place, another very awful Circumstance happened: A poor ungodly Sinner, who was much addicted to Drunkenness, often attended the Word; but made light of it, so far, that he opposed me in the open Church; I admonished him, from Time to Time, but he was like the deaf Adder, and would not hear. He pleaded, that he was for the Church, the Church; and that he was sure the Clergy in England did not preach up, that People must go to Hell, except they were born again; and as for his Part, he would not believe it; This he made good; he never did. *He that is often reprov'd, and hardeneth his Neck, shall fall into Destruction, and that without Remedy.* This Scripture was fulfilled in this unhappy Wretch; God, after a Time called him away; but upon his Death-Bed, he cried out, "I am damned to all Eternity; I have sinned away the Day of Grace, and now I am sealed

for

for ever unto eternal Damnation. God called, and his Minister called, but I refused; I would not have the Lord to reign over me; I loved my Sins."— One of his Children cried out, and said, "Dear Father, pray to the Lord Jesus; *he came to seek and save poor lost Sinners?*" To which he made answer; "Oh! my Child, your poor Father cannot pray; he soon will be tormented in the Flames of everlasting Burnings; all is over, it is too late." He farther cried, "Oh! I already feel the Torments of the Damned; none can tell what I feel: Oh! I see thousands of Devils in this Room; could you see them, you would not stay in this Place: Oh! everlasting Burning! Oh! Eternity!"— Thus he continued to the last, uttering many more Things, which would be shocking to mention.— *Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my Hand, and no Man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my Counsel, and would none of my Reproof: I also will laugh at your Calamity; I will mock when your Fear cometh: When your Fear cometh as Desolation, and your Destruction cometh as a Whirlwind; when Distress and Anguish cometh upon you: For that they hated Knowledge, and did not choose the Fear of the Lord, Prov. i. 24—29.*— Here I would drop

2



drop a Word of Exhortation: *Seek the Lord, while he may be found, call ye upon him, while he is near. Let the Wicked forsake his Way, and the Unrighteous Man his Thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have Mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. Isaiah lv. 6, 7.*

But I will refer my Reader to the following EXPERIENCES, and LETTERS, for the Truth of the powerful Work carried on in *Newfoundland*; and if the same should prove a Blessing to any one Soul, may the Glory be to him who hath loved us, and washed us from our Sins in his own Blood.

The Experience of C—G—,

Who departed this Life, on the 9th of
May, 1773.

*Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let
my latter End be like his.*

AS to her Person, she was exceedingly agreeable; she also had a Share of good Sense, few could excel her; she was quite gay. She had a Mother, an old Lady, who was blind; but notwithstanding her Gaiety, in point of Duty, she exceeded many, in the Care of her ancient Parent, for which I often recommended her, as a Pattern to others; she wanted nothing to make her complete, but the *one Thing needful*. She attended on the Church constantly; and soon after I came to the Island, she had some good Impressions made upon her poor Soul; but she often said, that it was too soon, and when she grew old, she would be religious, and become a Convert. Thus, for four or five Years, she went on, taking her Pleasure. She bore a good Character of being a virtuous young Lady,



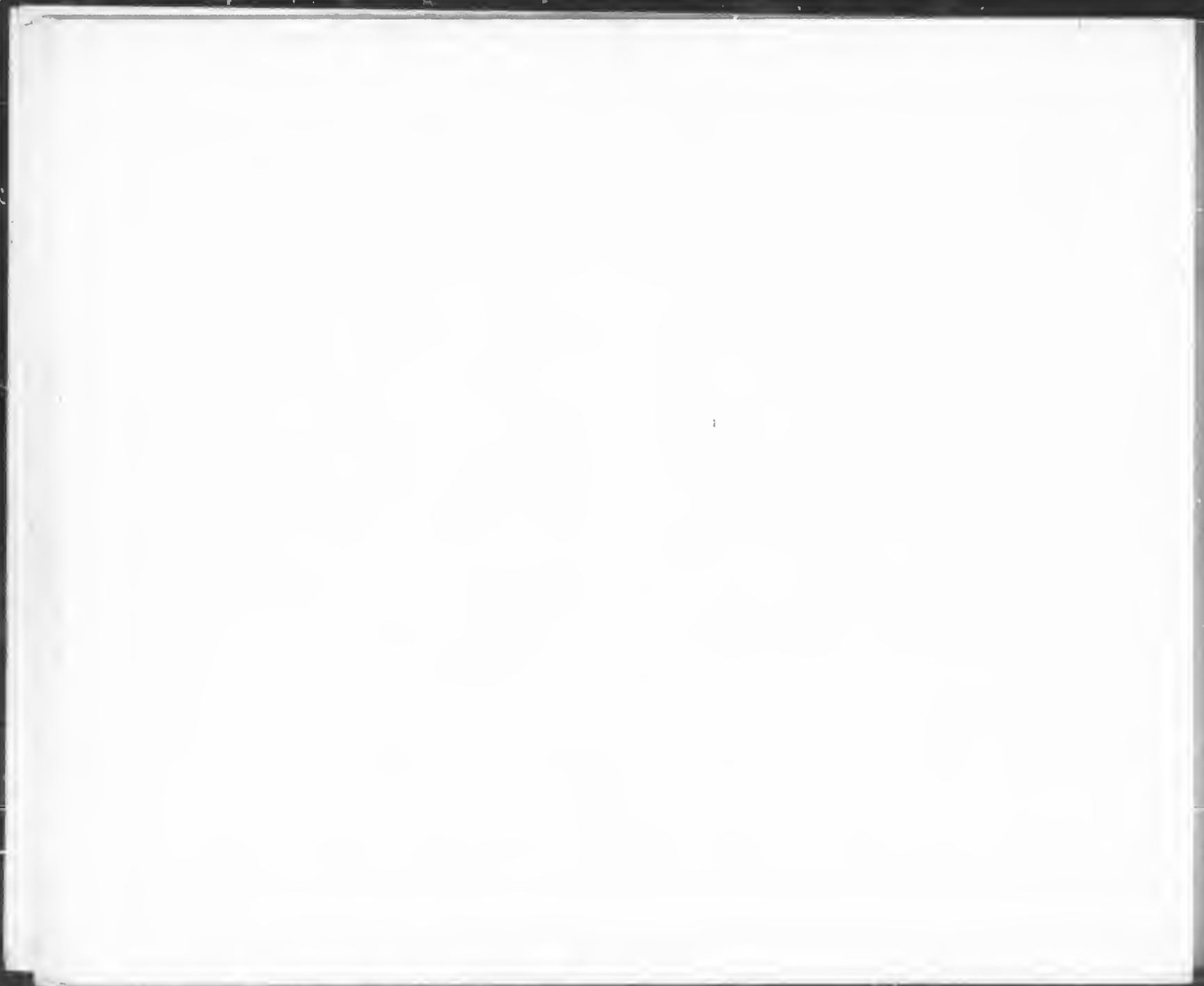
till about two Years before she died. But how true is that Proverb, *Evil Communications corrupt good Man*, which was this young Lady's Case, and proved the Destruction of her Body. A Gentleman Merchant came to visit her, under the Notion of Friendship, and repeated his Visits, until such Time as he got his Will of her. This poor deluded young Lady at last proved with Child; from which Time she was struck with the Thoughts of Eternity. The horrible Sin she was overcome with, and the Scandal she was likely to bring upon her Family, pursued her Day and Night; so that she concluded, at Times, that she must be everlastingly lost; yet she resolved to attend upon the Means of Grace, which she constantly did all Weathers. About two Months before she died, being at Church on *Easter-Sunday*, she saw the Congregation stay at the Sacrament; and when she looked at the Communicants, she thought, that she should have been exceedingly happy to be one of them, if she had been but worthy.

Another Circumstance she related, which proved her strong Conviction, was this: One Day, as she stood at her Window, she saw a Corpse carried by to be buried; she went out, and cried aloud;—Her Mother,

being

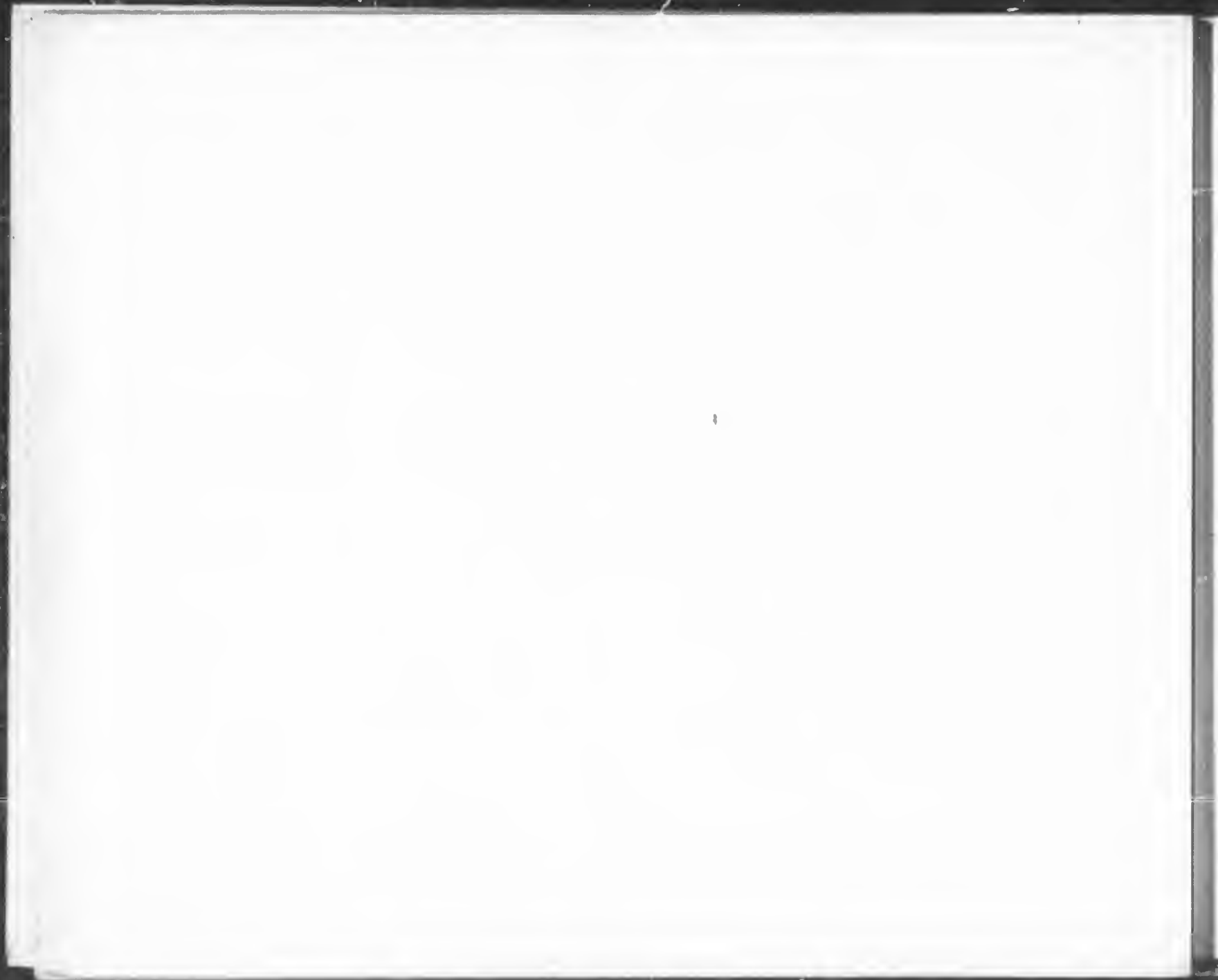
being in the Room, said, "My dear Kitty, what is the Matter?"—She answered, "O my dear Mother, I see a Corpse going to be buried, and I doubt not, but I shall be the next; but Oh! what shall become of my never-dying Soul!"—Thus her Conviction was more and more increased.

Another Circumstance, which proved God was at work upon her poor Soul, was this: She often sat down, and took Pen and Paper, in order to write her Case to me, and desired, that I might be acquainted with the same; but as soon as she took the Pen in her Hand, she was seized with such a Trembling that she could not write, being conscious of her great Guilt, and, as she said, fearful, that I would not admit her to the blessed Sacrament.—In this most distressed Condition, she continued, till the Hour of Nature's Troubles came. In the Midst of her Pangs, she cried out, that she was lost for ever.—She then said to the Women, "Pray do send for Mr. Coughlan, and let me see him, that he may pray for my poor Soul. Oh! I am going, I am going to Hell. Oh! Eternity, Eternity!"—After a sore Travail, it pleased God to deliver her Body, but the Travail of her Soul continued. I was then sent for, and when I came, I asked her wherefore



she sent for me. I further enquired, whether it was not the Scandal of that Sin alone, which caused her to be in such Distress. — She then acknowledged her great Sin, but, with lifted-up Hands, and Eyes, and bitter Cries, she said, “ Oh! Sir, this is not the only Sin which I feel, but I am altogether Sin; but is there not Mercy for the Chief of Sinners? I am, it is true, one of the greatest of Sinners: O my dear Mr. *Coughlan*, will you pray for me? Do pray, do give me the blessed Sacrament, before I die, and then I will give up Body and Soul to God; I will, my dear Sir.” — I asked her, what we should request of God in Prayer: — “ O Sir (said she) pray, that my poor Soul may be clothed with that Wedding Garment, the Righteousness of a dying God; in this I desire to be found.” — We went to Prayer, and of a Truth it was a Time of Love. Oh! the Heart-piercing Cries which she put up, and the Arguments she made use of, were piercing to all in the Room, and prevalent with God. Here you might see a poor Sinner at her Lord's Feet, *washing them with Tears, and wiping them with the Hairs of her Head.* — The next Day, I visited her, and found her at hisit for her God. I asked her, what she thought of receiving the

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 the blessed Sacrament, and giving herself up to God: — She answered, “ I know, that my Sins are many more than I can tell; and God knows, that I have nothing to bring; I am very unworthy to come to the blessed Table; yet, as a lost Sinner, I will come.” — I interrogated her, and said, “ But suppose, that God would raise you up, and spare you a little longer, would you not be ashamed of the poor despised People of God; and are you not liable to the like Sin again?” — She then answered, “ This is very true.” — She further lifted up her Hands and Eyes to Heaven, and put up Prayers to the Throne of Grace, in Words to this Effect: “ O my God, thou knowest my sinful Heart; yet, bad and vile as I am, thou, O my God, canst pardon all my Sins, and make me one of thy dear Children. Here is my Body and Soul; take me, O my God, just as I am, and I never will forsake thee more. Do, my dear *Jesus*, take a lost Sinner.” — I, after this, gave her the blessed Sacrament, and joined in Prayer: — But, Oh! to see the Tears run down her Face like Streams from the Rock, was very affecting; and to behold her aged blind Mother, and many of her dear Friends around her Bed, was very moving: — This was on *Thursday*

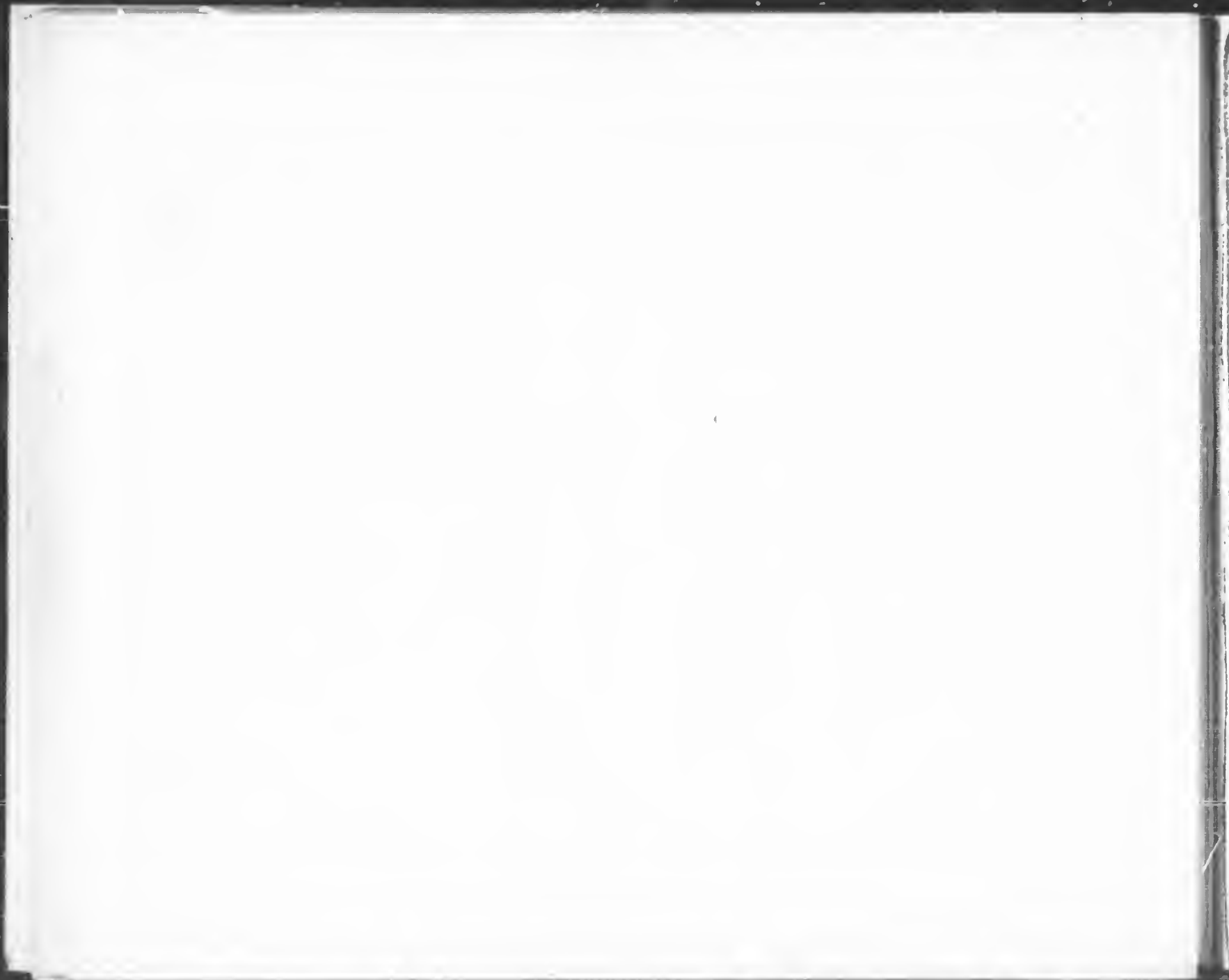


The *Saturday* following, some Friends visited her, when she desired, that they would sing an Hymn, which they did:—
The Hymn began with these Words,

“ No farther go To-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the Break of Day;
Turn in, dear Lord, with me,” &c. —

We then joined in Prayer, after which she cried out, “ Where is my dear Sister? O my dear Sister, *Jesus* is come, he is come; my Soul is fired with the Love of God; Oh! my Sins are done away, not one remains.”—She then broke out into Praises, mixed with Prayer, and said, “ O blessed *Jesus*, what hast thou done for me! What! such a vile Sinner, such a black Sinner, made white in the Blood of the dear Lamb! Bless the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me bless his holy Name. Oh! who could ever believe, that the Love of God was so sweet! O my dear Sister, my Soul is filled with this sweet Love of God. Oh! that I had Wings, that I might flee away, and be for ever with my God. Now I have only one Desire, and that is to live, to shew the World what God has done for my Soul. I, that was such an Enemy to the blessed Gospel, that my God should look upon me;

me, in my Sins and in my Blood!”—Her Mother, who sat weeping at her Bedside, said, “ O my dear *Kitty*, can you leave me, your poor blind Mother! Who shall lead me in and out to the House of God?”—To which she answered, “ True, my dear Mother, you are blind, not only in Body, but in Soul; so was I all my Days, till now; but now I can say, *Come, and see a Man that told me all that ever I did: Is not this the very Christ.* And now, my dear Mother, I can leave Mother and Sister, and all the World, and go to him, whom my Soul loveth: I shall be soon with him.” O yes, I shall be with him, and praise him for ever.”—She then desired, that her two Brothers might be sent for, who came to her Bedside (one of which was the Magistrate) and she cried out, and said, “ My dear Brother, I am dying: I will tell you what God has done for my Soul? It is true, I brought a Scandal upon you; but bad Company and a tempting Devil, with a fallen Nature, brought me to this; but God has taken away all my Sins. Now see, that you delay not; Oh! did you know what Love I find in my poor Heart, you could not stand against it; O my dear Brother, set out for Eternity. Time is short, I shall soon be no more.



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more. I pray God, that you may seek the
Lord, while he may be found."— She then
wished them a good Night; and prayed
for them, and often said, "O sweet Je-
sus, how powerful is thy Love to my
Soul! I have much forgiven me, may I
love much."

Sunday Morning, about three o'Clock,
she sent for me, about three Hours before
she departed; when I came into the Room,
she fixed her Eyes upon me, and took me
by the Hand, and said, "O my dear, dear
Mr. Coughlan, I am just going, the Time is at
hand—this blessed Sabbath I shall be in
Glor. Oh! what has Jesus done for me!
Do, my dear Sir, join in Prayer to me,
that I may soon get through this Valley,
and land safe upon yon blest eternal
Shore."—I asked her, if she was fearful of
Death:— "No, my dear Sir" (said she)
how can I, when my Master is in the
Ship, and holds me by the Hand? I know,
that I am upon the Rock, and shall praise
him for ever: Oh! I long to be with him!"—
We then joined in Prayer, and soon my
Voice was lost in her Praises:—She often
cried out, "O sweet Jesus, I long to be
where thou art."—A little before she de-
parted, she intreated her poor disconsolate
Mother, not to weep for her, saying, that
she

she was leaving a poor, miserable, censo-
rious World, and going to enjoy a King-
dom that could not be moved.—Thus she
continued, till she spoke her last; and, in
a few Minutes after,

"She clapt her glad Wings, and tower'd
away,
"And mingled with the Blaze of Day."

In a few Days after, the poor Infant fol-
lowed her, and now sings around the Throne,
praising the Lamb for ever.



The Experience of Miss N. G.

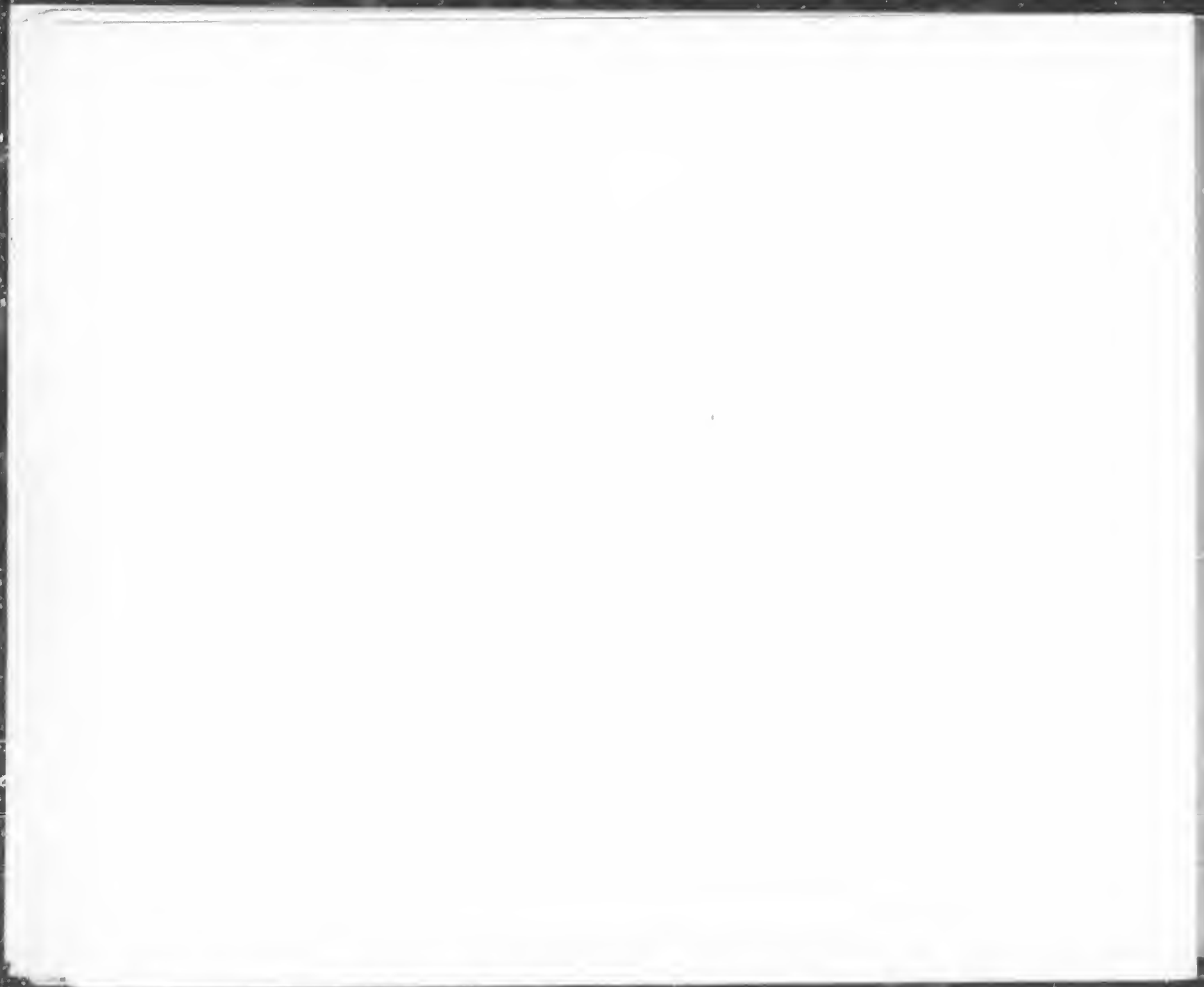
Who departed this Life, on the 24th of June, 1773, in the 20th Year of her Age.

The Memory of the Just is blessed.

ABOUT the 20th Day of June, I was sent for by Miss N— G—, who was then dangerously ill. When I came, I found her crying out for Mercy. I asked her, whether she saw and felt herself to be a Sinner:—She said, “Yes, Sir, I know and feel that I am.”—I further asked her, if she thought that Jesus Christ was able and willing to save her:—She said, “I hope so.”—She then went to Prayer, and said as follows: “Oh! for one Drop of that Blood; O Lord, how is it that thou shouldest look upon such a poor Creature! See now, how I am obliged to call upon my God! Oh! what poor Creatures are we; when we can do nothing else, we come unto God! I often promised, and resolved, to live to God, and would, for a little Time, be seemingly sincere; but Oh! how soon

soon would all my Resolutions fall away! What with the Allurements of the World, and the Weakness of my Heart, I soon fell back again. Oh! this poor World, I see it now as it is; it is all nothing to me; nor do I want to stay in it one Hour longer, if my dear Jesus did but prepare me for another World. O Sir, I find, that all my Affections are taken off this World; there is not a Creature, nor Thing in it, that I desire besides Jesus Christ. But, O Sir, I fear, that I am not sincere; and I often despair of myself: I also am afraid to trust my Heart, yet I hope I am sincere and upright before my God; and my one Desire is, that he would prepare me to meet him; I do not want to stay in this World; no, I do not; I want to be where my dear Jesus is:”—I then asked her, if we should join in Prayer:—She said, “Oh! yes.”—I asked her, if we should beg any one Thing in particular in Prayer:—She said, “O pray, that God may truly convince me of my Sins, and seal Pardon on my Heart.”—We then joined in Prayer; and it was amazing to hear her Cries, when she prayed as if she stormed Heaven by the Violence of her Prayers. Tongue cannot express the great Thirst she felt in her Soul.

Saturday



Saturday the 19th, I visited her again, and found her mourning; like a Dove, for her sweet *Jesus*, as she often called him. I then asked her, if she longed for *Jesus* to take possession of her Soul:—“Oyes, Sir—(said she) I long for nothing else.”—She then prayed, and said, “O my God, blot out all my Sins; create in me a clean Heart, O my God. Oh! what a poor helpless Sinner am I; yet, O my God, thou art merciful to poor Sinners; Lord, I am one; Oh! look in Mercy upon me, and save me: O sweet *Jesus*, look upon me, and take me into thy Arms. O dear *Jesus*, wash me from all Unrighteousness; and make me holys as thou art holy.”—She further said, “Oh! I fear my Heart is not upright enough; Oh! that I was prepared for my God. O come, sweet *Jesus*, and take up thy Abode in my poor Heart.”—I then spoke to her about the Sacrament, seeing that God had prepared her for it by his blessed Spirit; but Oh! what Reverence and Humility did she shew upon this Occasion!—“O Sir (said she) it is a great Undertaking; I fear, I am not worthy to partake of such a Feast.”—She then prayed thus: “Dear *Jesus*, thou knowest what a Sinner I am; thou seest, that I have no Goodness of my own; no, I have none; I am

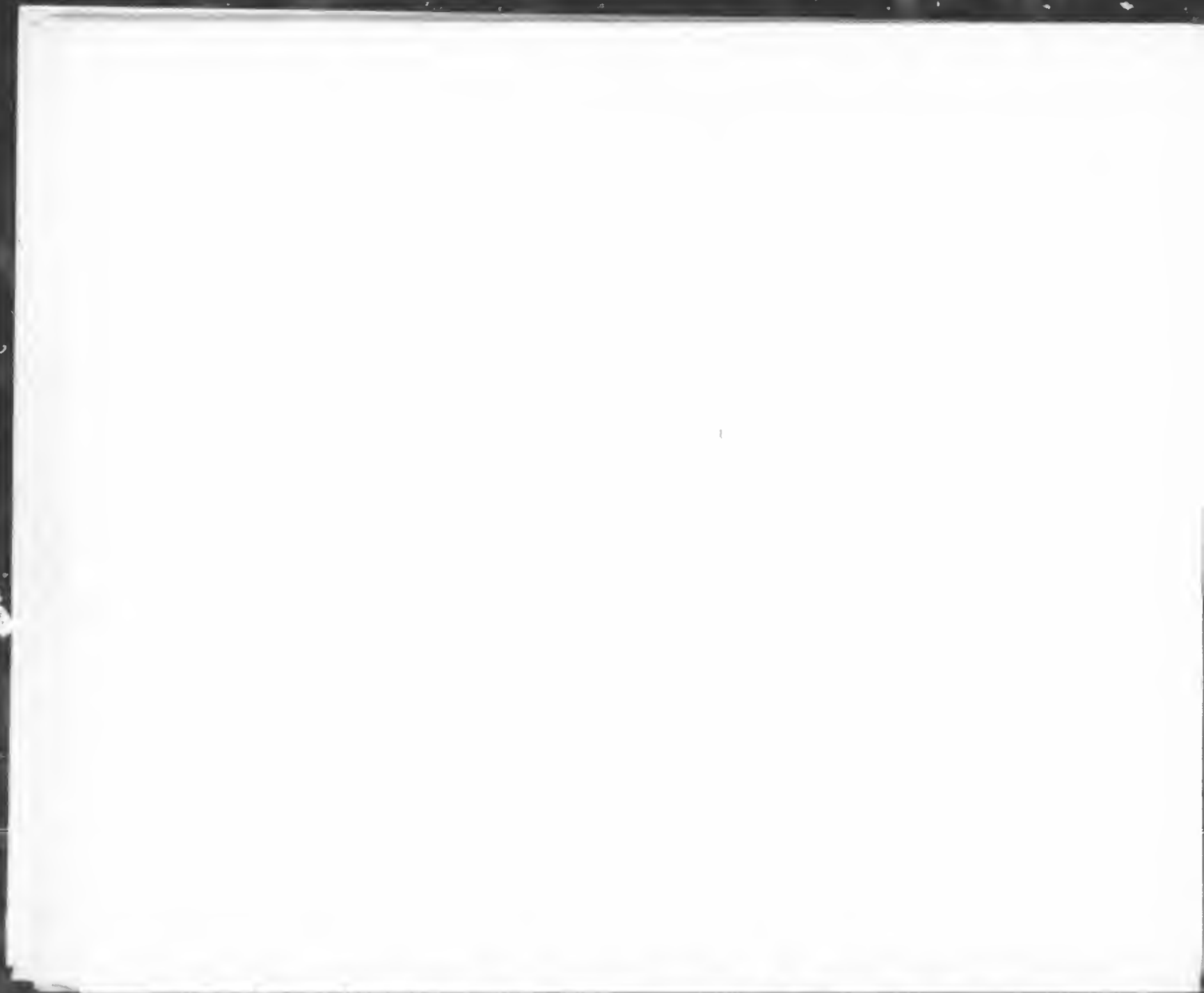
I am a very unworthy Sinner, yet, O my God and Saviour, I come with all my Sins, and lay them down at thy Feet: Dear *Jesus*, hear, O thou dear *Jesus*, now I am coming to thy Table, to partake of thy blessed Body and Blood; and now I give up my Body and Soul to thee; and if I live, Oh! let me live to thee; but I do not desire to live; O sweet *Jesus*, make me thine for ever.”—She then took the blessed Sacrament, as a Token and Pledge of the dying Love of a crucified *Jesus*.

On *Monday*, the 21st, I visited her again, and asked her, whether she did not love her Saviour, and if she did not believe that he loved her:—She replied, “I love him, and believe that he loves me.”—She further said, “O Sir, I thought I was in the Arms of my dear *Jesus*, but I am not as yet gone; I hope I soon shall.”—She then desired, that we might join in Prayer.

On the 23d, I visited her again, and I asked her, if she found *Christ* precious to her Soul:—She said, “O Sir, I do, I do, and love him with all my Soul, and with all my Heart.”—Here I must take notice, that, during the Time I was last with her, she had uncommon Strength, and was delivered from distracting Pain, till Prayer was ended.

E

Her



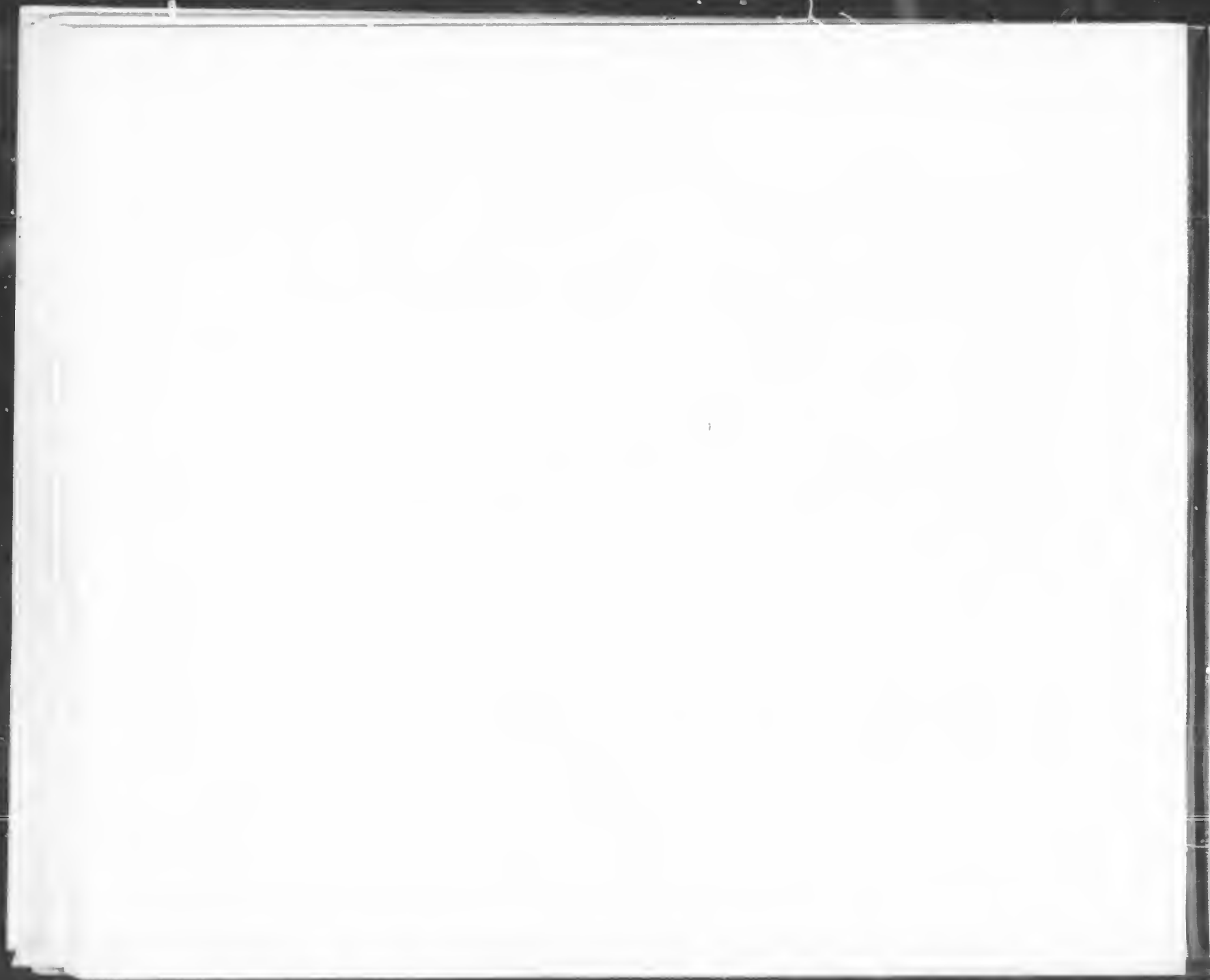
Her Experience thus far, I was an Eye-
Witness to, having chiefly taken it from
her own Lips.

A Friend, who sat up with her, heard
her, in the Silence of the Night, break out
into powerful Prayer, saying, "Without
Holiness, no one shall see the Lord: Lord,
make me holy as thou art holy."—Mrs.
A—, who was with her in her last Mo-
ments, gives this Account of her:—"I
see (said she) that my dear Jesus is de-
termined to have me. Oh! who could
think, that my dear Saviour would do so
much for me as he has done."—At ano-
ther Time, she said, "Oh! what a Number
is there in Heaven! And, O my dear Jesus,
I am going to be one of that blessed Num-
ber of the Elect of God; yes, I am going:
I know, that my Peace is made with God;
O my dear Jesus, I am ready."

The following is a Prayer which was
found in her Pocket.

O heavenly Father, great and glorious are
thy Works: I see thy magnificent Power set
forth throughout the World. O Lord, do thou
display thyself before me, even me. Lord
Jesus, let me see thee with the Eye of Faith,
in perfect Holiness. O make me sincere be-
fore

fore thee; give me an humble and contrite
Heart. O God, let me be wholly devoted to
thy Service. Gain thyself Victory, O blessed
Jesus; and let the Affections that are placed
on this sinful World be fixed on thee, never,
never to offend: so righteous a Judge; but
enable me to praise thee acceptably, with Re-
verence and godly Fear of Heart; and answer
it, if it be thy blessed Will. Amen and Amen.



The Experience of Mrs. W——

Who departed this Life, on the 9th of September, 1773, in the Twenty-first Year of her Age; who was a Wife and Mother of Two Children.

The Righteous shall be had in everlasting Remembrance.

AS to her Person, she was exceeding neat, and as a Native, prodigious clean in herself and in her Family. She was a Girl of no Education, as her Father was taken away in her Youth, and the poor Widow left with a large Family; so that, it was as much as she could do to get them Food and Raiment. The Mother received the Gospel, and died in full Assurance of Faith.

On September the 7th, I was sent for, by Mrs. W——, who was then brought-to-bed, and was dangerously ill; and I asked her, how she was, as touching her Soul:—She answered, "Very bad: I sent for you, Sir, to let you know, that I am now going out of this World into a World of Spirits, where,

where, I fear, I shall be tormented for ever. I did not send for you, with a View that you can do any good for me; no, Sir, I have no Hope for Mercy, it is too late; I already feel the Torments of the damned Spirits: I have sinned away the Day of Grace; so that, I must be for ever separated from God. My dear Mother, who, I believe, is now in Glory, often warned me; but I made light of all that she said to me, and would not have the Lord to reign over me; and now God is very justly cutting me off. I, Sir, am all Sin, and have never done one good Action in all my Life. Oh! what shall I do, I feel a Hell in my Conscience; I am lost for ever; sure, there is no Mercy for me. I have often gone to Church, but took no notice of all you said, and made light of it. I often omitted the Means of Grace, and was careful about this poor World. Now my Body is exceeding bad, and the Pain that is in the same Body is more than I can express; but, Sir, the Pain of my Body is Nothing to that which my Soul feels: If my Pain is so great here, what must it be hereafter, when this Soul of mine is separated from my Body! Sir, I sent for you, to tell you all this, and that you may warn other poor Sinners."—I asked her, if we should join



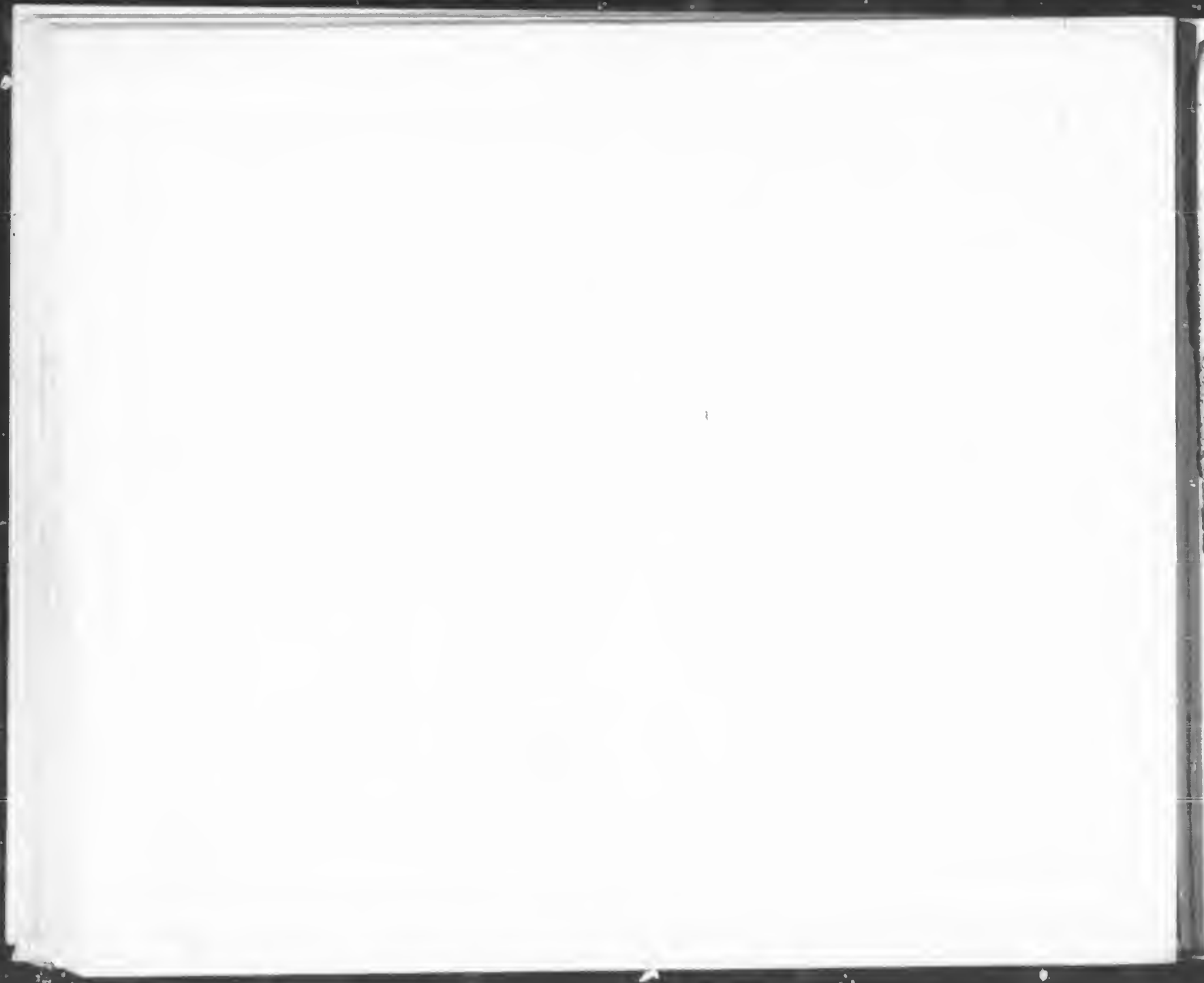
in Prayer:—She said, “You may pray, but I have no Hope of Mercy.”—I asked her, what I should ask of God in her behalf:—She then lifted up her Hands and Eyes, and said, “Well, Sir, if you will pray for such a vile Sinner; do pray, that God would deliver my poor Soul, and write Pardon on my wretched Heart, which if he will but do, I will praise him forever.”—We joined in Prayer, and I found my Soul much drawn out for her. I asked her, after Prayer, if she found any Hope that God would shew her his Salvation:—She said, “I do find, that God has given me some Dawnings of Hope, that he will shew me some Mercy.”—I left her quite athurst for God. The Day after, she desired, that I might be sent for; accordingly I visited her again, and asked her, how she found her Mind:—She said, “O my dear Mr. Coughlan, all is well; *Jesus* is come, he has sealed Pardon on my poor Soul.”

“O thou bottomless Abyss, swallow up in thee.”

“My Sins are swallowed up in thee.”

I said unto her, Do you now believe, that God, for *Christ's* Sake, has blotted out all your Sins:—“O my dear Mr. Coughlan (replied she) I do believe, and I feel,

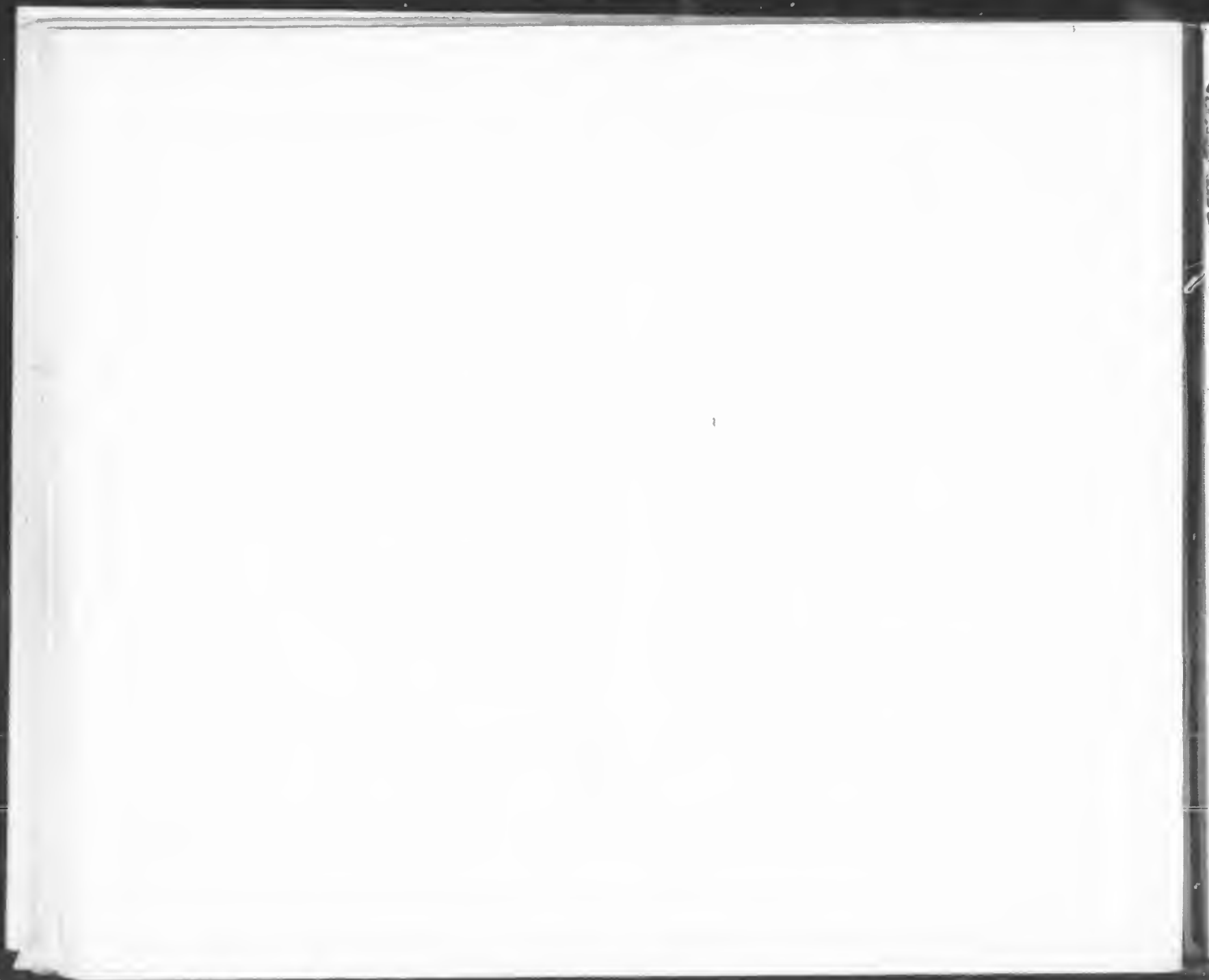
feel, that *Christ* is mine; I do, I do really believe, that *Christ* is my Beloved; and I am sure he is mine, my very Heart burns with Love: O yes, my Soul is full of Love. O my dear *Jesus*, thou knowest, that I do love thee. I am not now afraid of Death: No, Sir, the Sting is taken away; and I am sure, I shall be soon with my dear *Jesus*, I shall soon be in Glory. Oh! what has *Jesus* done for me! O help me to praise my God.”—I then asked her, if she could freely leave her dear Husband and her two little Infants:—She then said, “Was it the Will of my dear Father, I would submit to stay a little with my dear Babes; but, O Sir, God will take care of them; therefore the Will of the Lord be done: I do not want to stay in this poor World; no, Sir, I never found one Grain of Happiness in it.”—She then cried out, and said, “Thou, Lord, hast made me willing; and now, thou knowest, I can leave Husband and my dear Babes, to be for ever with my dear God and Saviour; I do not want to live in this World: O come, and take me, my dear Saviour; I am thine, and shall be thine, for ever.”—I then said, “I hope, my dear Friend, that what you say, you are well assured of:”—To which she replied, “O Sir,



Sir, Do you doubt of what I say? What is it in my last Moments; when I am going into Eternity! Sir, believe me, I do know, that I am one with *Christ*: He is my all, and has saved me with an everlasting Salvation: I would not deceive my own poor Soul for ten thousand Worlds: No, Sir, I am sure what I tell you is true: I am sure, *Jesus Christ* has blotted out my Sins, and I do love him with all my Heart; and I am sure, he loves me; for I feel his blessed Spirit in my Heart; none can tell, what Love I feel in my poor Soul: Oh! it is Heaven below: Oh! that every poor Sinner did but feel this Love that I feel."—She then desired, that she might sup with her dear Lord in the blessed Sacrament, as a Token and Pledge of his dying Love, and she beseeched the Lord, and said;—"Do, dear Lord, take me as a poor lost Sinner, yet a saved Sinner, through Grace; here is my Soul and Body: Lord, thou hast bought me, and I am thine; and shall be thine, forever."—Thus much I had from her own Mouth; what follows, I had from a dear Friend, who attended her in her Illness.

After she was delivered, she desired, we would join in returning Thanks to God for her safe Delivery, which we did:—She then

then said, "Sure I shall never forget this Mercy, that God should hear my poor Prayer, and deliver me: Oh! now, I never shall forget this; I, who have been such a vile Sinner, that God should hear and deliver me!"—Mrs. A—, who gives this Account of her, said, "My Dear, you know, the Deliverance you had before this; how you promised to God what you would be; but, you know, that you soon forgot it, and returned to Sin again."—She replied; "True, my dear Soul, I did so, but this I shall never forget to the Day of my Death."—Soon after this, God broke in upon her Soul, and she called upon all to join her to praise her God, who had done such great Things for her. She often called upon her dear Saviour, to come and take her Home; for now she was made ready. She then desired, that her dear Husband, and all her Relations, might come into her Room, for she had a Word to say to them, before she departed.—She said to her dear Husband, "O my Dear, I am going to leave you; I shall be soon in Heaven with my dear *Jesus*. Now, my Dear, make haste and follow me, where Sorrow and Trouble shall be no more."—She then called for her Sisters and Brothers, and told them, what God had done for

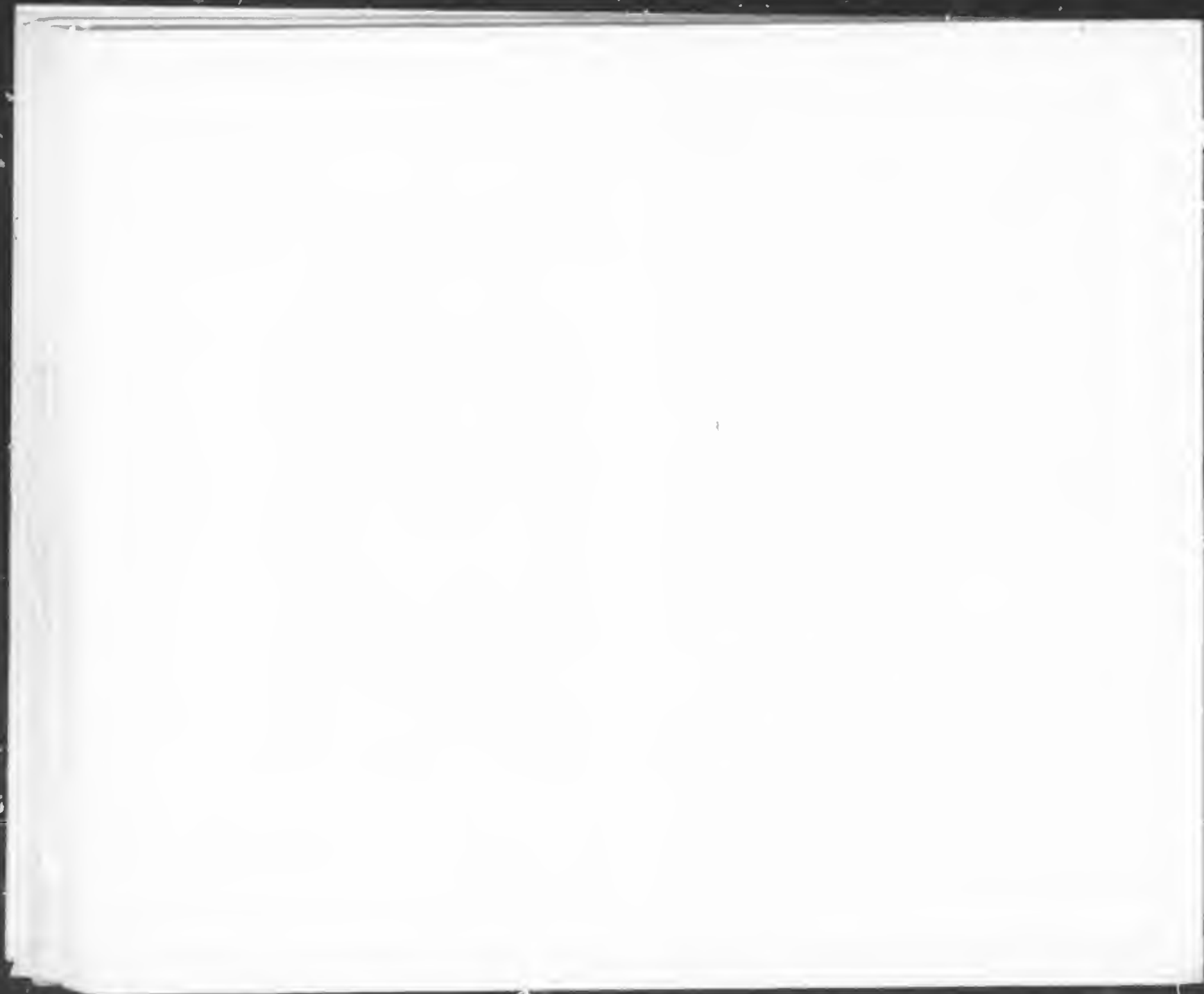


for her Soul.—She then poured out her Prayers for them, and took her leave; and cried out, “O, see my *Jesus* coming for me; soon he shall burst yonder Cloud, and take me to his heavenly Home.”—She then desired, that we might join in Prayer; and after Prayer, she gave out an Hymn throughout, and sung it, as if she was quite whole.—After this, she cried out, “Now my Time is come, see my *Jesus*, yonier he comes; Welcome, Welcome, bleeding Lamb.”—She then gave up her Breath, and fell asleep in the Arms of her dear *Jesus*.

The Experience of Mrs. P—,

When lying on her Death-Bed.

WHEN she was in great Pain of Body, she would often lift up her Soul, in fervent Prayer, to God, and beg, that he would not suffer her, through any Pain of Death, to fall from him.—She would often say, “My Father, take me to thy Mercy; my dear *Jesus*, take me to thyself.”—When in great Agony and Pain of Body, she would praise and glorify God, and would often say, “Whatever pleases my God, I hope, shall also please me.”—She was truly sensible, that God afflicted her Body for the Good of her Soul. She would often complain of her own Unworthiness, and would beg of God to purge out all the old Leaven of Malice and of Wickedness, and make her a new Lump, that she might be meet for his Kingdom and Glory.—When, in all Appearance, near the Time of her Dissolution, she was asked by one, if she was afraid to die:—She readily replied, “No, blessed be God, I am not; Death is no Terror



Terrour to me; I only wait my Lord's Leisure:"—She then cried out, with great Reverence, "Come, Lord *Jesus*, come quickly; come Lord *Jesus*, come quickly:"—And with the like Reverence, she said, "Father, into thy Hands I commend my Body, Soul and Spirit: O send thy blessed Angels to carry my Soul to Heaven."—In all her Illness, she did not think, that God dealt hardly with her; but would often say to those around her, "Oh! how good is my God to me, in refreshing my Soul with the Refreshments of his Spirit, and answering my Prayers; not suffering me, through any Pains of Death, to fall from him. Oh! it grieves me much, because I cannot love my dear *Jesus* more."—She would often say, "I could now, this Moment, stretch myself out on this Bed, and freely give up the Ghost, and go to my dear Saviour."—Sometimes she said, "If I could have, pushed through with my Hands and Feet, I should have gone before now, but I cannot; therefore I must wait my Lord's Leisure."—When visited by her Children, she entreated them, to seek the Fear of God, and the Salvation of their Souls; telling them, that their Souls were of more Value than a thousand Bodies.—When she thought she was dying,

dying, she sent for her Children; and, when one came in, she looked up, and, sighing, called her by Name, saying, "My Dear, remember, and think upon thy poor dying Mother; and pray, that God would turn thy poor hard Heart: It is better (said she) for God to say, go thou Beggar to Heaven, than to say, go thou that lust Riches to endless Misery: What will it avail you, to have all the fine Things in the World; it will only sink your Soul deeper and deeper to all Eternity."—She also, to another of her Family, a little before she died, repeated her Experience, shewing how she was convinced of her lost Estate, and, also the Manner of her Conversion:—To this, and much more, are many Witnesses, several Persons being present.



L E T T E R S

TO THE

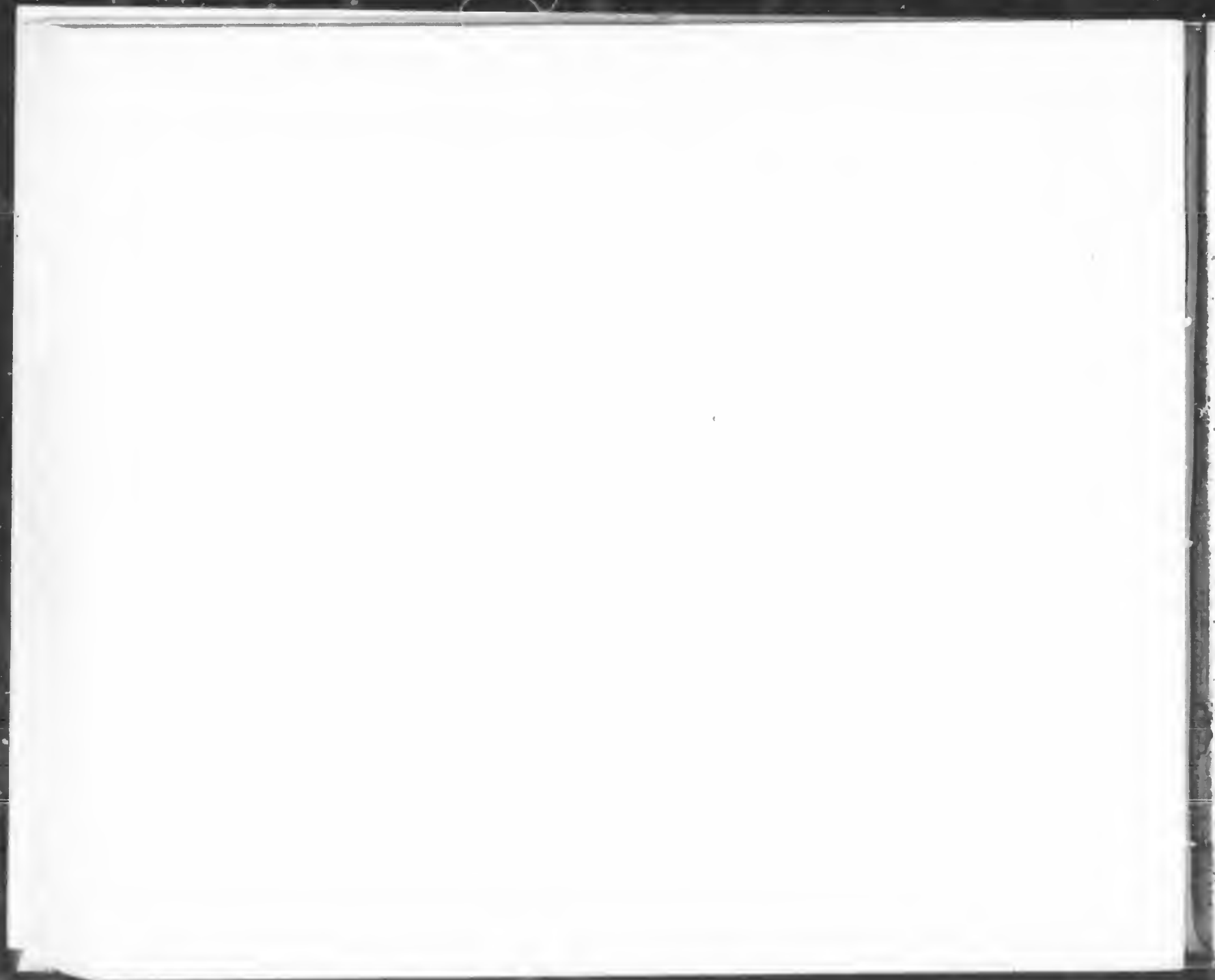
Rev. Mr. COUGHLAN.

L E T T E R I.

*Carbonear, July 28, 1772.**My very Dear and Rev. Sir,**Peace be to you, &c.*

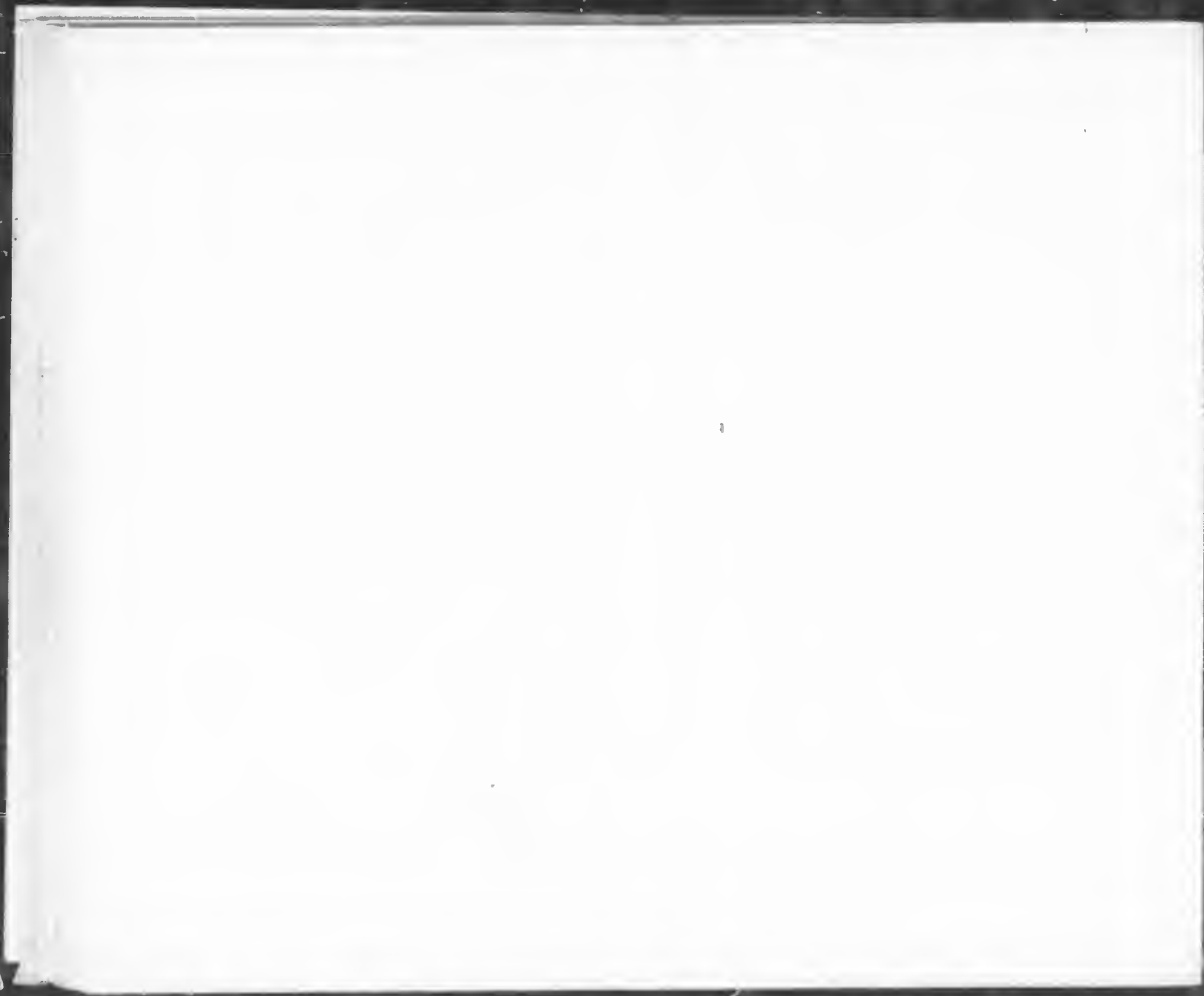
GLORY and Praise be from us, and all his Creatures, to our God, who hath done great Things for us, and hath this Morning given us a fresh Evidence of his miraculous Love, in the Redemption of poor, fallen, lost, undone Sinners. The Readiness of our dear Immanuel to manifest his pardoning Love to such Sinners is wonderful; and what makes it more wonderful is, that Man being so degenerated, for whole Evil is certainly in Man by Nature, and whole Man is Evil, being alienated from God, and incapable of

of himself to become a returning Penitent; but the blessed Redeemer must and will perform all the good Work in and with the Soul that he will save; working and operating in his own Will and Way; sometimes by laying on his Chastisements upon the Sinner, and sending Home the preparative Rod of Affliction, to bend the stubborn Heart and stiff Neck, in order to bring low, and mortify that naughty Flesh, which we have so little Mind or Will to mortify ourselves: Here the dear Saviour undertakes all the Work himself, and convinces the Sinner, at the same Time, that, by his Sins, he hath destroyed himself; and not only so, but, being brought thus by Affliction into the Vale of Humility, he here discovers, that his Sins have been the Weapons, and himself the Traitor, which have pierced the Lord of Life and Glory: And this causes that blessed Mourning and Sorrowing for Sin, which worketh a sincere Repentance; softening the stony Heart, making it capable of receiving the Grace of God, even as soaking Showers prepare and mollify the Earth, to receive the Seed; and then it is, the great Husbandman casts in the Seed; and God, with his Word and Spirit, says to the Sinner, I am thy Salvation.



The Sinner is now freely pardoned, his past Offences are done away; the Seed, now influenced by the Depths of Humility, takes Root downward, and brings forth upward the Fruits of the Spirit, Peace, Love, and Joy in the Holy Ghost. Oh! strange Metamorphosel the Conscience, but a Moment or two before wounded, loaded; the Sinner, just ready to despair, now instantly, with a loud Voice, proclaims the Salvation of his Redeemer, and cries out, with Ecstasies of Joy, I have found a pardoning God: Surely, Mercy and Truth are now met together; Righteousness and Peace embrace the poor Sinner: The bright Perfections of the Eternal here shine, unite, and form a New Creature. Oh! that every poor Creature could digest that true Text of St. Paul, *Eph. ii. 8. For by Grace are ye saved, thro' Faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the Gift of God.*—Dear Sir, I write thus to you, because I have sweetly experienced those Truths, concerning the tender compassionate Chastenings, and preparative Work, our Lord carries on, in the bringing of Sinners to himself; a blessed Work, that, Glory be to God, you are not unacquainted with; especially in him, who now is the
happy

happy Occasion of my writing to you: You, and we, your little Flock, all know, that, for more than twelve Months ago, he was under Convictions, and seemed, at Times, at our little Meetings, to be very solicitous about the State of his Soul; but those good Motions seemed, of late, to be almost, if not quite worn off, until the Lord laid his afflicting Rod upon him: I had visited him several Times, before you was with him the other Day, and was convinced, that the Lord was again at work with him; but since you yourself was with him, it hath appeared more evident; and your desiring me to visit him, I took as a Charge; and accordingly I did so, and have the Happiness to tell you, that the Lord hath blessed your Endeavours, and Ministry, both in me and him. Glory to our dear Lord, who hath greatly strengthened me, with Faith in Prayer, and pleading the Promises for him occasionally. I plied him with Pills first, until I found him quite broken down, and athirst for God; this was *Monday* Evening, having also been with him in the *Morning*. *Tuesday* Morning, I was with him again, when I found him much distressed; and labouring under an almost intolerable Weight and Burden on his
F 3 Heart,



Heart, which seemed, he said, more grievous; and painful; than all his other bodily Disorders; fearing, as he said, at the same Time, that his Sins had been so heinous, and manifold, that God, although, says he, I know he is a merciful God, would not pardon them. This was his great Trouble and Pain. I was very glad of this Symptom; and knowing, that this was the Highway to the Gates of Mercy, I was enabled to gather up a few simple Fragments, and present them to his desponding Soul. — Dear Sir, I cannot express the Faith and Assurance I seemed to have bestowed upon me, at this Time, to plead and hang on the Promises, that all who thus come to him, he *will in no wise cast out*; and our dear *Inmanuel* was of a Truth with us; for I was assured, that *Christ* would soon manifest his pardoning Love to his Soul. Several of our Women Friends were with us, and were greatly blessed; they were filled to the Brim with the Waters of Humility, which the Master soon turned into sweet Wine. — Dear Lord, what are we, or our Father's House, but great Sinners! O Lord, what is Man, that thou regardest him! Or, amongst the Sons of Men, what are we, that thou shouldst visit us with thy Love! —

I now

I now sung the 160th and 188th Hymns: This last Hymn seemed to relax his whole Heart, and operated, as a soaking Shower of Rain upon the thirsty Ground: It is these precious Heart-sprung Tears that are well pleasing to *Jesus*; so well pleasing, that our tender, compassionate High-Priest cannot, will not overlook them; for surely there is a Bottle to put them in. Encouraged by these Circumstances, I was persuaded, that these *April* Showers, as *Mr. Trap* has it, would soon produce *May* Flowers. I went now to Prayer, and the Lord helped my Infirmities, and made Intercession for us, suitable to the Occasion. I told him to be fervent in Prayer, and that though *Heaviness* might endure for a Night, yet I had great Hope of *Joy in the Morning* for him; for I was somehow assured, that the Lord would visit him very soon. I then took my leave of him, and came Home, where I was so laid out in Prayer for him; that I could not leave off, for a great while; and I believed, that the Lord was now near to deliver him. — This Morning, I was again just preparing to visit him, and pray with him again, when, to my unspeakable Joy and Comfort, a Messenger came to me, and told me, that he desired, that I would come

to

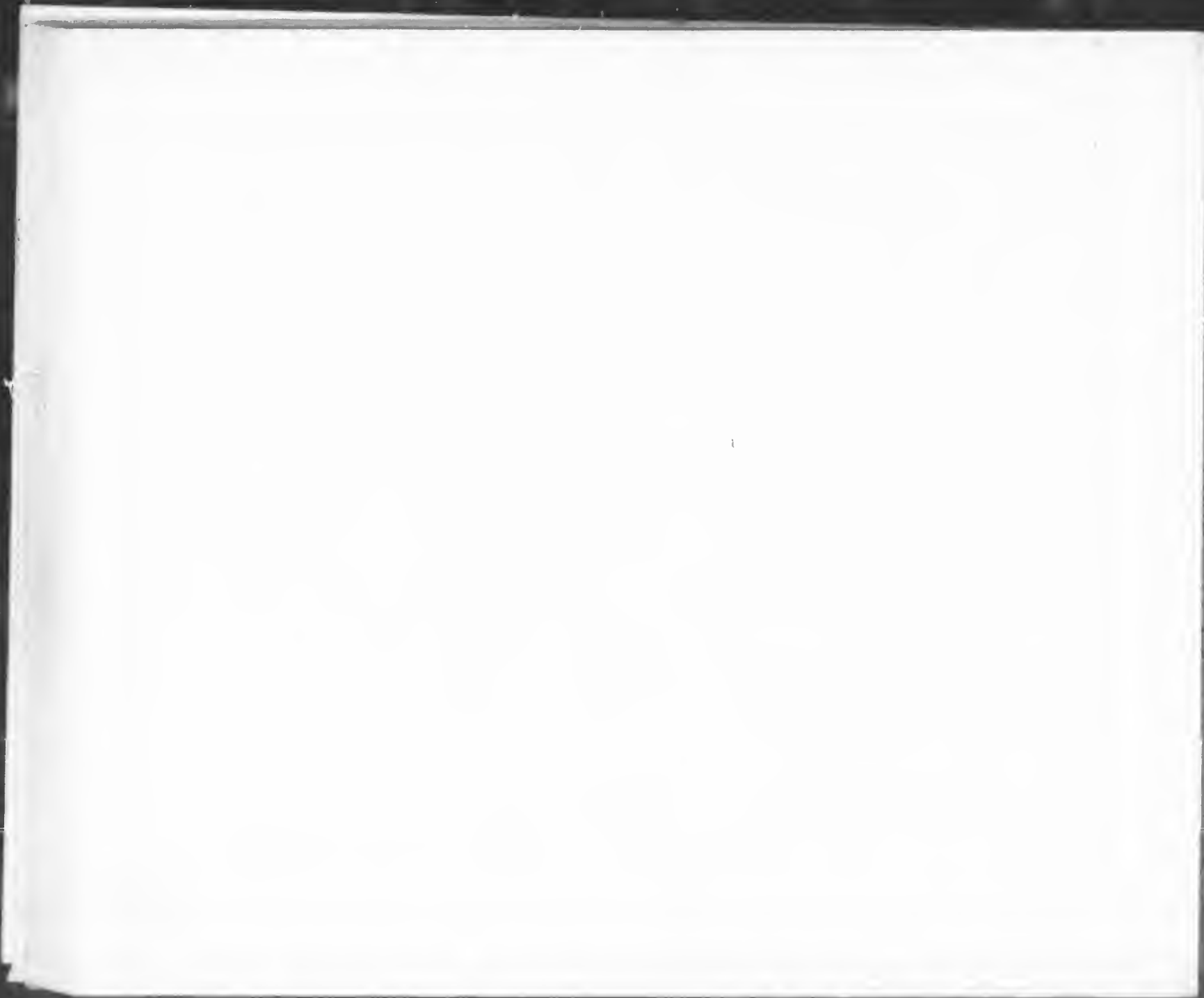


to him, and that he had good News to tell me; and, blessed be God, it was comfortable News, indeed. I went immediately, and when I came into his Chamber, I found him in the greatest Ecstasies of Joy imaginable; his Guilt all removed, and his very bodily Health, at that Time, in a Manner restored. — “O my dear Friend (says he) I am well, I have no Pain; I am all Life; I could find it in my Heart to leap out of Bed, and dance.” — My dear Sir, I question whether ever you saw such a wonderful Change; he was indeed ready and strong enough to take up his Bed and walk. — I then asked him, in what Manner this Change first operated? — He told me, that he had been very bad all the Night, until, towards the Morning, he dosed a little; and that, in this Sort of Slumber, he saw some People come to him, who were about to open him and take out his Heart; he then expostulated a little with them, and asked them, what should he then do with his Heart, or something to that Effect; when the Men said, Oh! we are to give you a new Heart; with that he said, he put up his own Hand, and said, I will pull it out myself, which, as he thought, was done accordingly; and immediately he awoke with a new Heart indeed: I am sure

sure (said he) it is not the same, for I feel Nothing but Newness, Lightness, Love, Peace and Joy all over; I have no Pain, no Burden: What is become of my guilty Load and Pain! What is become of Fear! I am not afraid now to die; I am all Love, Love, for every Soul in the whole World. Oh! my God is all Love! — We now had Matter enough for Praise: We sung an Hymn, and offered up our Peace-Offerings; and how great and agreeable was our Surprise to hear him, who, the Night before, was dead and helpless, as the Man who was sick of the Palsy, and let down through the Tiling, now, with an audible Voice, joining us in singing Hymns; and, at the same Time, overpowered with Love and Thankfulness to his Redeemer! This, my dear Sir, is the News that I now send you, which, I believe, will be a great Blessing to you. — May the Lord *Jesus* bless you, spare, and continue you amongst us; and that, for our Unthankfulness and Unworthiness, you may never be removed from us, nor the holy Vision be taken from you; but may the dear *Immanuel*, our spiritual *Elijah*, give you a double Portion of his Spirit, and his Mantle; that your little Flock given you may still continue to rejoice: And may the Lord

Jesus

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Jesus Christ establish our Hearts in Faith and Love, that we may be found unblamable in Holiness before our God, even our Father, at the coming of the Lord *Jesus*, with all his Saints; that the Spirit of *Christ* may dwell in us; that we may continue in the Grace of God, and in the Faith, grounded and settled; and may not be moved away from the Hope of the Gospel. May the Blessing of God be on your Ministry, that you may continue to bring many unto Righteousness, that you may at last finish your Course with Joy, and shine forth as the Stars, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Dear Sir,

Your Brother in *Christ Jesus*,

T. P.

LETTER

L E T T E R II.

Baltimore, June 21, 1774.

REVEREND SIR,

I TAKE this Opportunity of complying with your Request, in sending you a particular Account of my Affairs; and this I cheerfully do, from a Consideration of your exceeding great Kindness to me, at a Time when I seemed cast out, and destitute of all Friends. We were but twenty-four Hours in the Downs, when we sailed with a fair Wind, and immediately lost Sight of Land, which we no more saw, until we saw the Cape of *Virginia*. We were but five Weeks between Lands, having, in general, a fair Wind, and being very free from Storms. My Passage was made very tolerable, thro' the Friendship of the Captain; he employed me as Doctor to the Sick; and as I could bleed, and understood somewhat of Doctorship, and the Application of Drugs, I was made exceeding useful to Numbers, who, in their Passage, were ill, the Fever being much among them; but through



through the Blessing of God on my Endeavours, none died: I found Bleeding, Vomiting, and a Blister on the Back, made head against the Fever, and the Sick soon recovered: This introduced me into the good Graces of the Captain; so that, I was treated like himself. By the Consent and Desire of the Captain, I preached twice on *Sundays*, and once on the Week Days, when the People could hear; but this was with an heavy Heart, for I did not find my Soul alive to God; but, on the contrary, I knew, that God's Displeasure was against me, because of my Unfaithfulness; and I was overwhelmed in Trouble; nevertheless, I had the Comfort to find a Backslider confess, that he was restored to Favour under my Labours; and different Persons professed to be greatly quickened. —

After I went to *Baltimore*, I made Inquiry for the People of God, and conversed with one of Mr. *Wesley's* Preachers; but as I had no Letter from Mr. *Wesley*, he seemed very cold, and behaved with no small Indifference, which did not a little try me. However, I was received to lodge with a *Dutch* Gentlewoman, where I continued some Time, at free Cost; but, hearing of no Place, I was going to set sail for *Philadelphia*,

Philadelphia, when a young Man of Mr. *Wesley's* Society, directed by Providence, came from his Home to the House where I was; and, as he informed me afterwards, he did not know well why it was, but he found himself pressed to come that Day to Town; and, he hearing of me, was pushed on to press me to go Home with him, and stay at his House, until Providence should open a Door for me: I accepted this Offer, and went to his Father's House, twelve Miles from Town, where I met the young Man's Father, and three Sisters, all happy in the Lord. This, and a Reflection of my State, brought Tears in Plenty from my Eyes; Sorrow revived in my Heart, and my Grief was so excessive, and visible, that I could not avoid informing them of the Whole of my Distress, and the Cause thereof. Well, they prayed for me, wept over me, and assured me, that God had made known to them, that the Lord would shortly restore to me all that I had lost. One Morning, after Family Prayer, I read a Chapter, which greatly affected me, and young Mr. O—— (for that was the Name of the Person who brought me to his House) we walked into the Woods, and we both fell on our Knees, and a
G Spirit

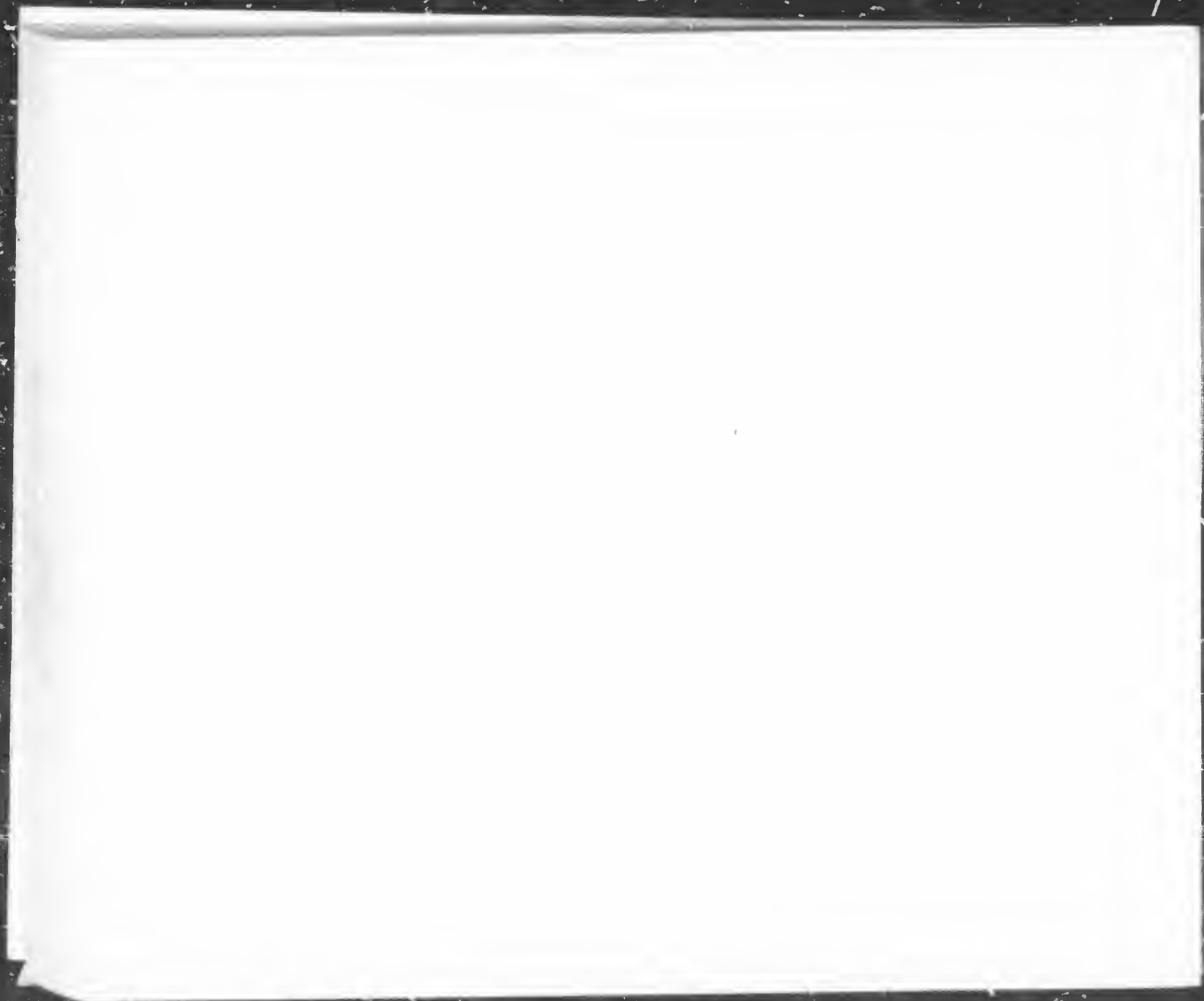


Spirit of Prayer was imparted to us both; and the blessed God broke into my Heart, in a more powerful Manner than I can describe, removed my Grief, and filled my Heart with his Love, to such a Degree, that I could hardly speak, while Tears of Joy ran down my Cheeks. O Sir, God, by his Providence, conveyed me to this Land, to manifest the Greatness of his Goodness to me; every Day's Experience, since, confirms me in the loving Kindness of the Lord to my poor Soul. Now this Change being wrought, Joy and Comfort was my Portion, I found Freedom to commune with God, as a Man doth with his Friend. I was daily called on to pray in publick, and the People were so affected, that they were convinced of God's Goodness. Brother O— and I, walked one Sunday, to see Mr. T— W—, a Gentleman of an immense Fortune; where were different Persons present; after a little Conversation, I gave out an Hymn, and sung it with Tears of Joy; after which, I went to Prayer with them, and the Glory of God filled every Heart, while on our Knees; so that, every Person was obliged to withdraw to some private Place, to vent their Tears in secret; as for my Part, I thought, that my Heart

Heart must burst with the loving Kindness of the Lord: Here I exhorted, in the same Evening, to a Company of Persons, whose Hearts the Lord well watered. The next *Lord's-Day* I was greatly importuned to preach to a large Company, and the Peoples Hearts were like melting Wax before the Fire: Oh! how did my blessed Master refresh my poor Heart with his Love. The *Sunday* after, I preached twice to crowded Assemblies; and the poor Souls were willing to go Miles on Foot to hear. Mr. W— invited me to his House, and desired that I might make his House my own: This Offer I gladly embraced; being, as I thought, long enough at Brother O—'s, though they would have gladly entertained me as long as I would; but I was led to go to this Gentleman's House, as I had an Opportunity of doing more good; there are near one hundred Slaves and Servants employed by him, in and about his Estate; and I am as a Chaplain here, to meet the People twice a Day, and the Lord is present; and of a *Sunday*, I preach or exhort to them, and Numbers of the Inhabitants. Mrs. W— has been restored to the Favour of God, since I came here; and she is so extremely fond of me, that I

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could not be suffered to leave the House; therefore, she has made me an Offer of Lodging and Board at her House, gratis; and has got a School-House put in Order, for my teaching Children. Thus happily am I situated at present, in the Midst of Plenty: But it seems, that I shall not be suffered to stay here long; for the Preachers seem determined to have me out to travel, shortly; but as to that, I am at the disposal of the Lord, and willing to spend and be spent for my dear Master. There is a glorious Prospect of a great Harvest here: Thousands are converted, and there is a Prospect of thousands more. I desire, that my kind Respects may be given to those who have assisted me in my Distress; and as for you, I am persuaded, that the blessed Lord will fully reward your Labour of Love, for being an Instrument of freeing me from four Years Servitude; by which, I believe, I shall spend the Time in a more blessed Way. May the dear Lord bless your Labours abundantly, and fill you with divine Consolation: He that hath loved will love you to the End.

From your affectionate,

And much obliged Friend,

T _____ R _____

LETTER

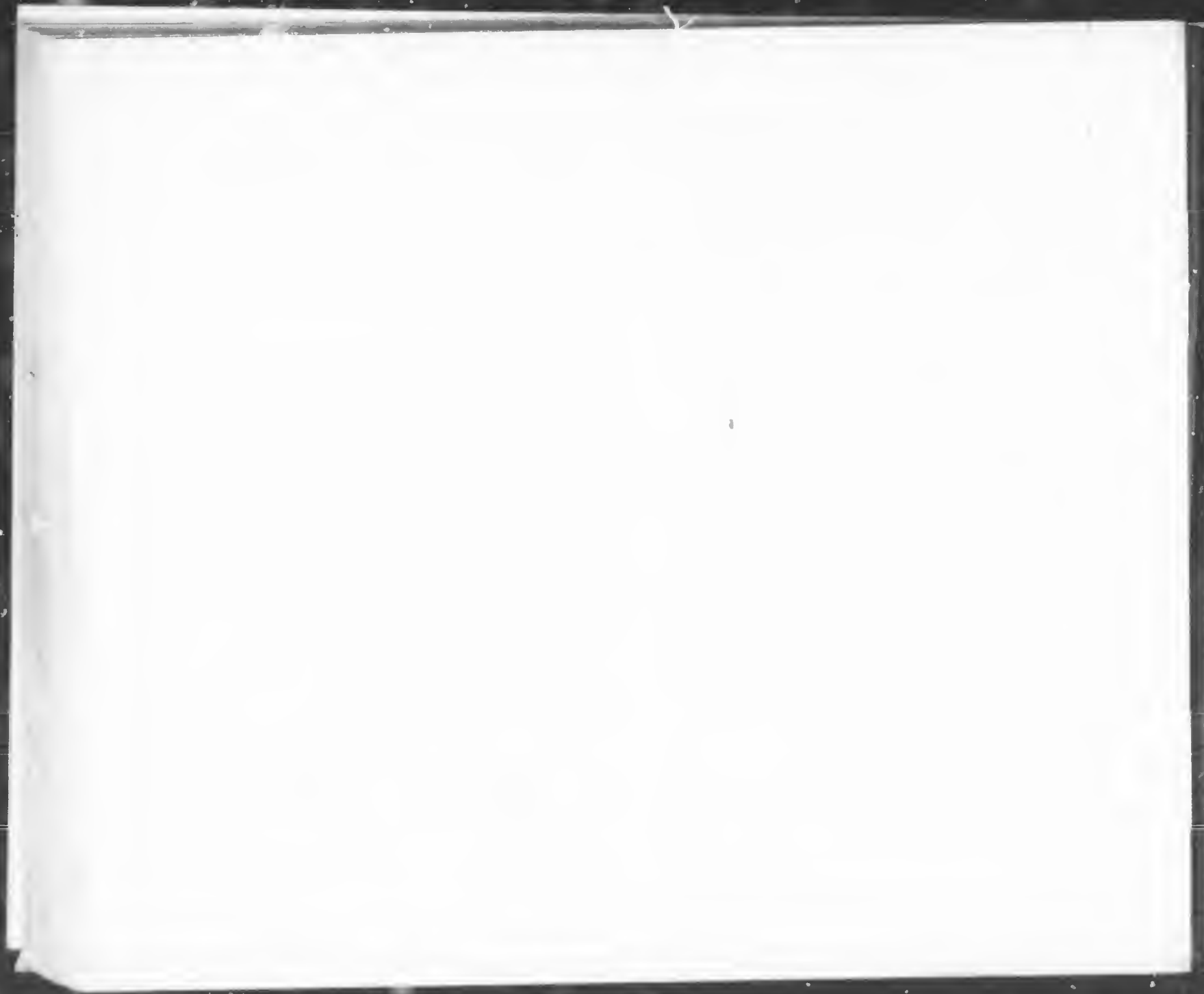
L E T T E R III.

Hartford County, Meriland: Aug. 26, 1774.

REVEREND SIR,

I hope, you have received my last Letter to you, wherein I gave you an Account of the Dealings of the Lord with me in my Voyage, of my Arrival at *Baltimore*, with the Substance of what I met there, and of the great Mercy of the Lord, in restoring Peace and Joy to my Soul: This Account I sent by a careful Captain, bound for *Bristol*, as I then had no other Opportunity: As I hope, it came safe to hand, I shall only give you an Account of what passed since: And to begin, I inform you, that I continue at one of our Friend's Houses, in the County of *Baltimore*, and occasionally preach in different Places; and the Lord gave me great Favour in the Eyes of the People; so that many, who never took the Trouble of coming to hear Preaching before, made it their

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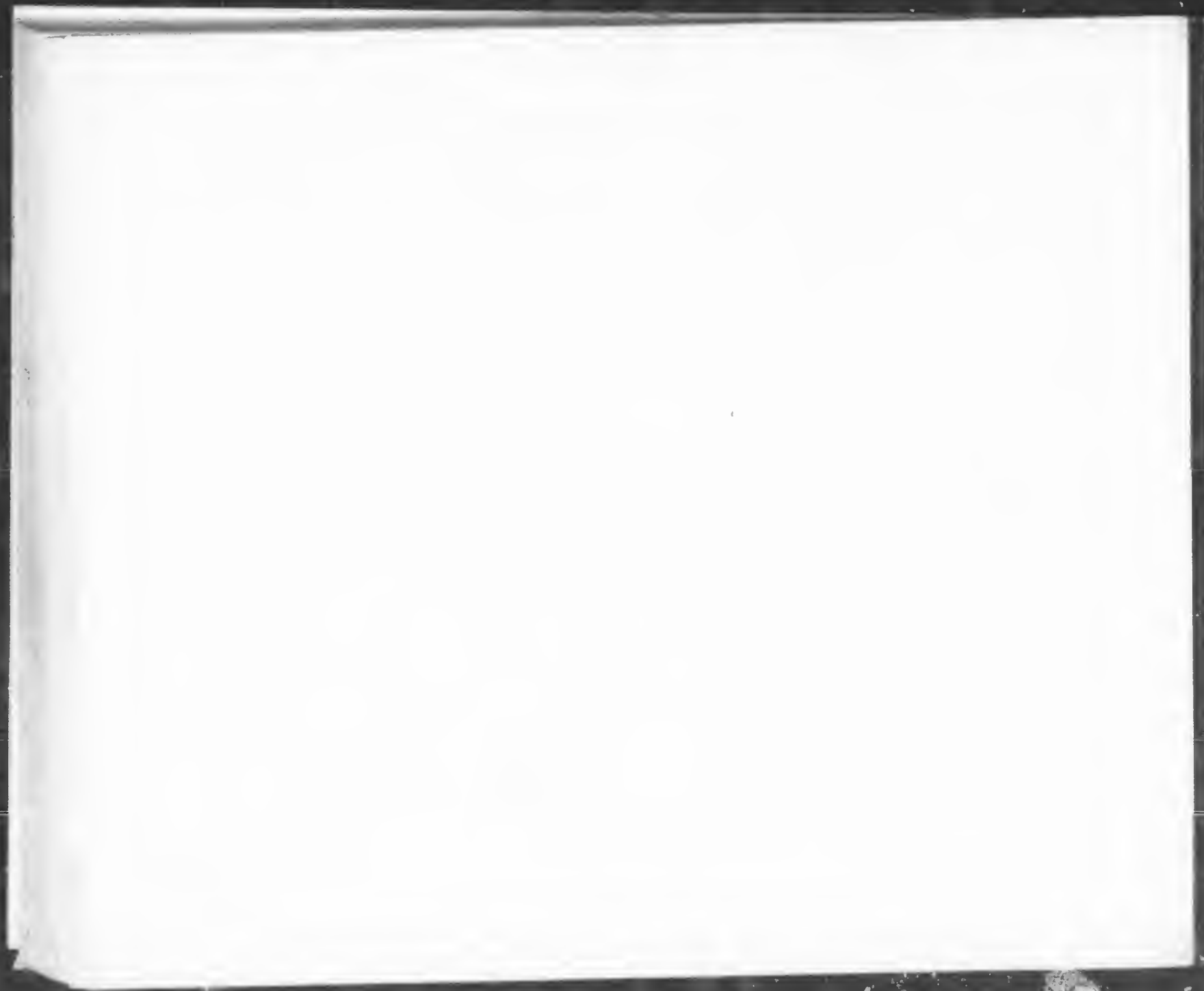
their Business to come many Miles to hear me; and many felt the Power of the Lord. As to a School, I could get no open Door for some Time; although I sought it diligently: In this Way, I continued most of the Summer; and it is incredible, what Art and Pains the Devil used to prevent my Usefulness: Nevertheless, the Lord opened my Way, and enabled me to stand my Ground, looking to him; and at last, I am taken into Connexion, and now travel the Round; where, blessed for ever be the Name of my dear Master, I am greatly blessed, and assisted; every Place where I go, I see manifest Tokens of his Goodness; the Lord is carrying on a glorious Work in this Land; their Numbers daily increase, whose Souls are truly alive to the Lord, and have already obtained such a Measure of Grace, as that they are as settled in the Ways of the Lord, as if they had been twenty Yeats in the Way: And those who stand out are convinced of the Truth of the Gospel in general, only they are not yet made willing to give up all for the Lord. The only Thing that seems wanting here, is faithful, humble, gifted Men, who are willing to spend and be spent for *Christ*, in order to cause the whole Continent to embrace the Gospel. They

They are a People much given up to private Prayer; so that, in publick, they are solemn and cheerful, as also zealous for God; and those who are possessed of Thousands seem as devoted as if not worth any Thing; there seems, at present, a happy Disposition among them: They are not ignorant of the different Opinions in Religion among Professors; but they despise all Sentiments which do not tend to subdue their Hearts to the Obedience of *Christ*: And as Holiness and Happiness are nearly connected together; their only Ambition is to seek to have their Hearts moulded into the Image and Spirit of *Christ*: Oh! that this were more the Contest among Christians; then, like the happy *Americans*, they would enjoy a more frequent Intercourse with Heaven than they do.— My dear Friend, I can say to you, that though I often had many blessed Days and Hours in the Ways of the Lord, yet I never had so clear and frequent Manifestations of a Redeemer's Love, as I enjoy now. What I have suffered has given me such a Sight of myself, that I am made willing to be any Thing in the Hands of my God; being convinced, that I am not worthy of any Thing but Hell; so that, every Token of Love from him



is a Means of setting my Soul on Fire with Love to him. O divine Saviour, help me to praise thy Name, whose Love is without a Bottom or Shore. My former Affairs keep me humble and resigned in my Station at all Times; his Love to me daily keeps me every Day happy; and a Sense of my Weakness keeps me daily dependent on him. I see, that it is a great Thing to preach and live the Gospel; and I am stirred up to seek a Power to live as solemn and devoted, at all Times, as when in the Pulpit. I find the Way of the Cross sweeter to me than I ever did before. I drink no Spirits, Water is my constant Drink; I see a vast Need of keeping my Body under, and of bringing it into Subjection; and though, at this Time, Numbers are in an afflicted State, the Heat of the Season, being excessive, throws Numbers into Fevers and Fluxes; yet, through the Mercy of my God, I never enjoyed better Health in my Life; and my dear Master makes my Spirits so lively, that my glad Heart dances for Joy: Indeed, I want Words to express how good the Lord is to a poor Worm; Glory be to his dear Name. I sometimes think of my Wife and Children, and then Nature begins to work; but I am obliged to give them

them up to the Lord; however, I should be glad to hear from them: I wish, it were in your Power to make any Enquiry, by Means of some of your Friends of *Bristol*, about them, and to let me know something concerning them. And now, my dear best of Friends, I cannot help often wondering at the great Love and Purpose of the Lord, in making you an Instrument of freeing me from four Years Slavery, through your Assistance, in paying my Passage, by which my Way is made clear to preach the Gospel; whereas, the being bound four Years might have been my Ruin: Surely, I shall, while I live, reflect on your Kindness with Gratitude. May the Lord make your Labours successful. O Sir, let the Zeal of the Lord of Hosts constrain you to devote the whole of your Life to the Lord. A Minister should have but one Business on Earth, the Salvation of Souls. I wish you all Happiness; may your Chapel be the House of God, and the Gate of Heaven; may the Glory of the Lord be revealed there, whenever you speak for God: The Crown will recompense you abundantly for all your Labours. My kind Respects to Mrs. *Coughlan*, and her Daughter, &c. I wish them all Happiness; and I trust, that



that I shall not forget you all at the Throne of Grace: And I beg your Prayers for me, that I may spend the whole of my Life for the Lord, whose Love I now find to be the Object of all my Desires; to love him, and to labour for him, be all my Wishes and Aims.

Yours, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R I V.

Harbour-Grace, October 31, 1774.

REVEREND SIR,

I Heartily thank you for your kind Letter, which convinced me, that you still cared for my Soul. I felt my very Heart pained, when I found you was not to return; yet I could rejoice, and praise God, that he had frustrated the malicious Design of your Enemies, and had covered them with Shame. O Sir, I do sensibly feel the Want of you; I can truly say, I have often mourned for you with Tears. My dear Sir, you desired, I would give you a particular Account, how the Lord first wrought upon my Soul, and how I go on; which I readily do, believing it to be my Duty to comply with your Request. When I first heard you preach, I was an Enemy to God, and knew it not. I loved you from the first, and could not bear to hear you, or the Truth which you delivered, evil spoken of; yet your Preaching wrought no saving Change in me, till your Return from England; when, as I constantly

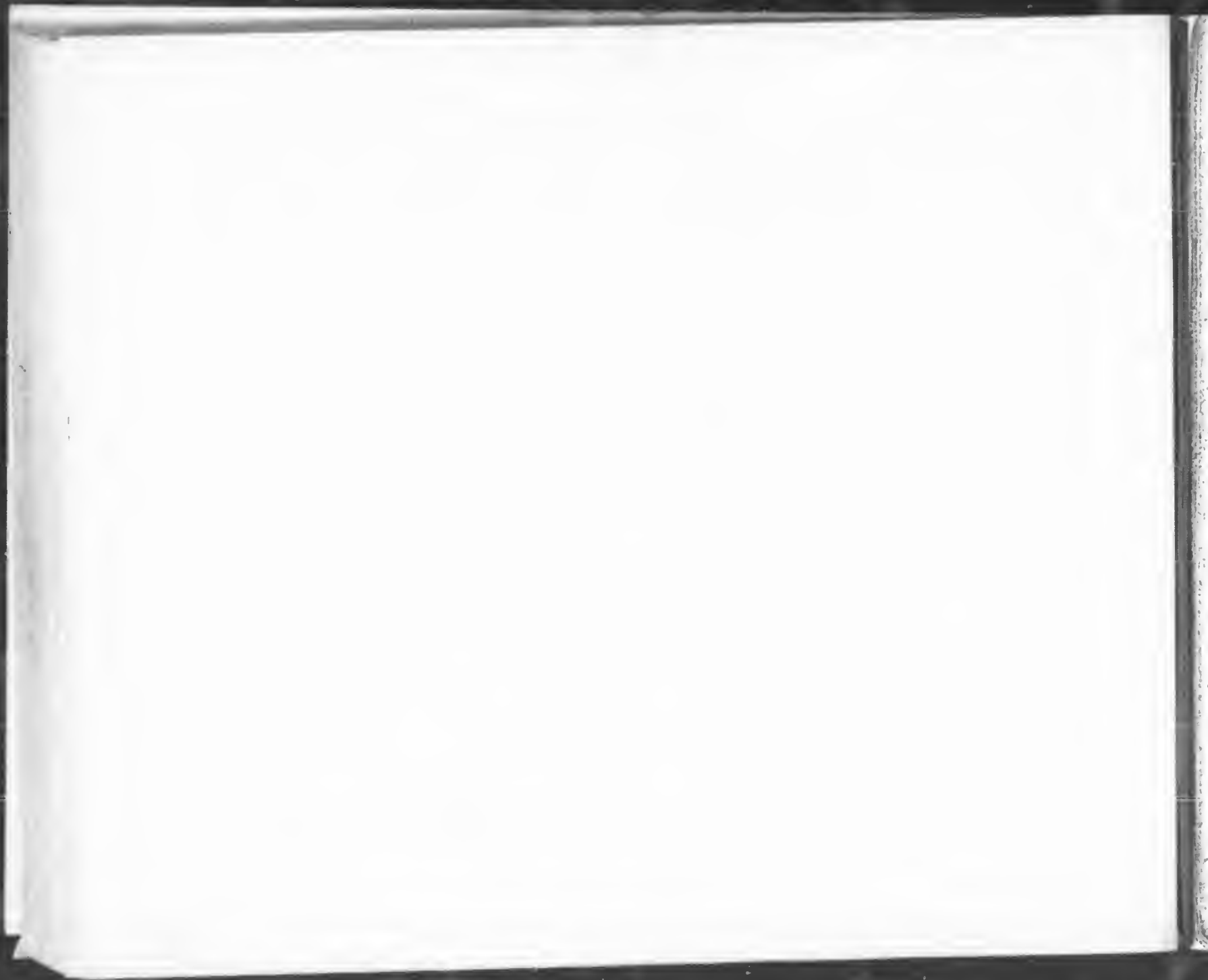


stantly attended the Means, the Word began to take Root, and Things appeared in a different Light. On *Christmas-Day*, I ventured to go to the Sacrament, with my Father and Mother; after you had repeatedly explained the Nature of it, and the Danger of unworthily Receiving, I was, in a Measure, convinced of Sin; yet I did not see, and feel, my lost and undone State by Nature, till the Spring following; when the Lord sent his Word with Power, as a two-edged Sword, to my Soul: I saw myself *wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked; having no Hope, and without God in the World*: I saw, and felt, I deserved Eternal Damnation; and was constrained to cry out, *Lord, save, or I perish*. The Enemy often suggested, I had sinned away my Day of Grace, and it was in vain to pray, and that there was no Salvation for me. I was greatly distressed with blasphemous Thoughts, and I thought, no Creature was so tempted as I was: Both you and Mrs. *Coughlan* prayed with, and for me; I continued in this great Distress of Soul, till *Thursday in Whitsun Week*; but when I was praying to the Lord, this Text came with Power to my Soul, *Try me, and see, if I will not pour in a Blessing, so as there shall not be Room enough to hold it*. I suddenly

suddenly felt my Distress removed, and I could rejoice in the God of my Salvation; my Heart leaped for Joy, and my Eyes were filled with Tears, I thought, I could say before all the World, that God, for *Christ's Sake*, had forgiven my Sins: I felt my Heart so full of Love, that I could not help speaking of it; but was constrained to tell my Friends; and I earnestly longed to see you, to tell you what the Lord had done for my Soul. In my *first Love*, I was zealous for God, and often wondered what *St. John*, in the *Revelation*; meant by *leaving the first Love*; but, by woful Experience, I now know what it means; had I not left my *first Love*, I might have been further on in my Journey: O Sir, I am ashamed, when I look back, to see what a Loiterer I have been, and how little Glory I have brought to God; surely he might justly have for ever withdrawn the Comforts of his Holy Spirit from me; but, what shall I say? He is a God of tender Mercy; I still find him gracious; he is a God of tender Mercy, *forgiving Iniquity, Transgression, and Sin*. I do this precious Moment feel, that I love him; would to God, every Thing contrary to his divine Will in me was done away. I see the great Necessity of Holiness; and, blessed

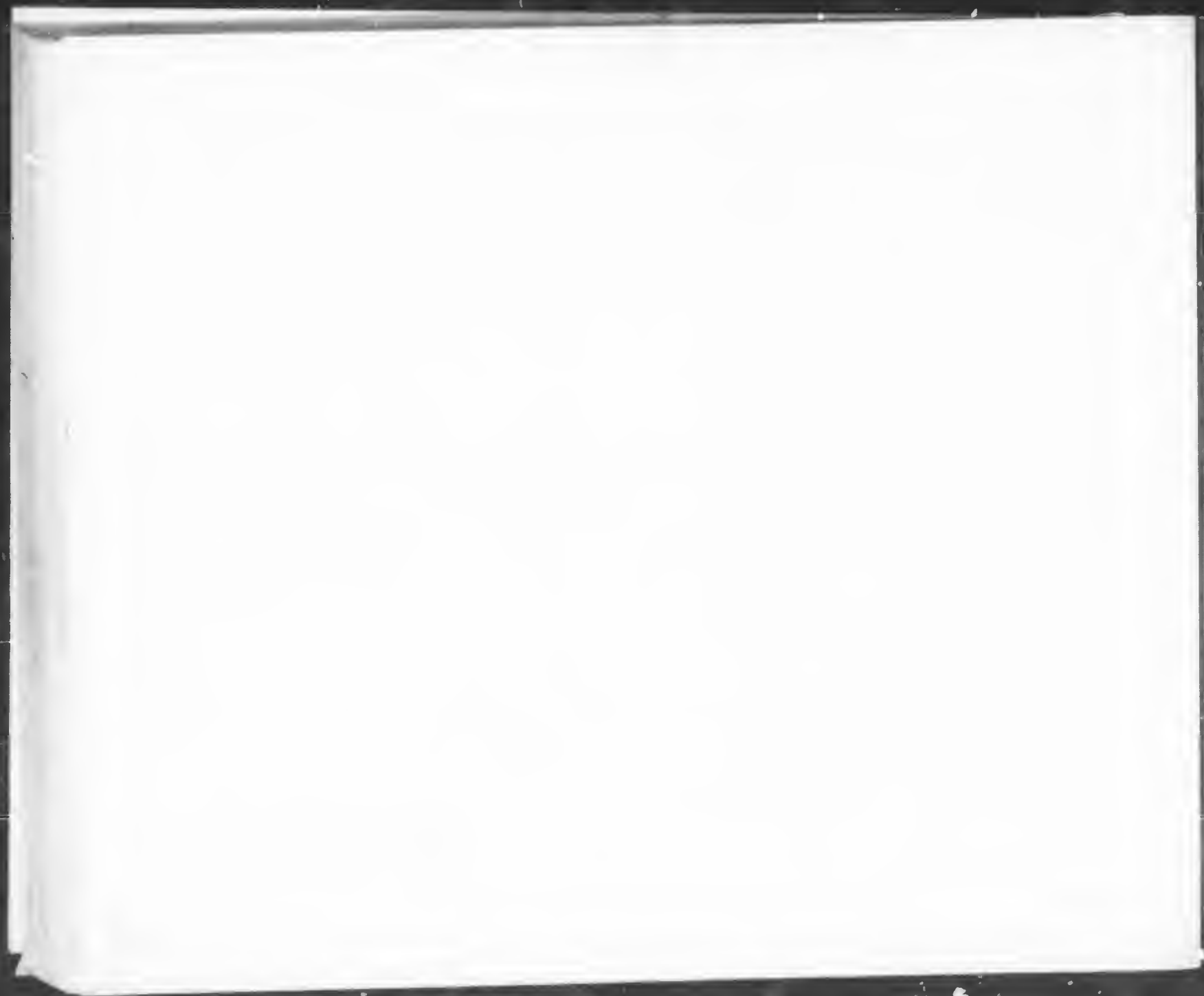
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be God, I feel as great Distress, at Times, for Sanctification; as ever I did for Justification: I know, that *the Will of God is my Sanctification*; I feel, that nothing short of *Molinefs* will do: *Lord Jesus*, make me holy; give me that *Faith which overcometh the World*, and that *Love which is stronger than Death*. My dear Sir, I beg an Interest in your Prayers, that you may with Joy give me up at the Great Day. I still continue to meet the Women, according to your Desire; but, O dear Sir, I feel myself very unfit for a Leader, and often think, that all who make a Profession live nearer to God than I do; and when I ought to be a Teacher of others, that I have need of some one to teach me.—We meet as usual, on *Fridays* at Mrs. *Martin's*, and on *Sabbath* Evenings at my Father's and Brother's, where poor *W*— preaches.— Poor *M*— *B*—, and *I*—, *Demas* like, have forsaken us, *having loved this present evil World*; they have never met since you left us. And what shall I say of poor Mrs. *P*—, her Walk is disorderly, and she seldom attends the Meetings; I am very doubtful of her; The rest constantly attend, and, I believe, are very sincere.—My dear Sir, you can hardly conceive the Distress that I sometimes feel
for

for want of your godly Instructions and Advice; knowing my own Unfaithfulness, and my great Ignorance, it often bows me down. I beg your particular Direction how to proceed, in future, with respect to the Meetings; . . . I desire to be obedient. None but God and my own Soul know how glad I should be to see you: My Soul would fly, if possible, to hear the Gospel Trumpet sounded by you: Oh! Sir, when I consider, how often I have been blessed under your Preaching, it melts me into Tears, now I am deprived of the Happiness: I often mourn for the blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Lord *Jesus Christ*; I do desire, to *shew forth my Lord's Death, till he come*: I trust, he will supply the Lack of all Means to my Soul, and enable me to fly to him, in every Time of Trial. I desire continually to be taught, by the Teachings of the blessed Spirit; for if left to myself, but for a Moment, I am ready to fall into Evil of every Kind. Well might *Jeremiah* say, *The Heart is deceitful above all Things, and desperately wicked, who can know it?* I can truly say, my greatest Enemies are within; I feel an evil Heart of Unbelief, ever bent to backslide from God; I long to be delivered from the Remains of inbred Sin, and to
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have the whole Image of God stamped upon my Soul, and every Part brought into Subjection to *Christ*. May the blessed *Jesus* enable me patiently to wait, till all his Will be done in me. My dear Sir, I hope, you will continue to pray for me; my poor Prayers shall not be wanting for you. May you ever cry aloud, and spare not; lift up your Voice as a Trumpet; shew the People their Transgressions, and the House of *Israel* their Sins. That the Lord may daily add Souls to your Ministry; and at last crown you with immortal Glory, is the Prayer of your affectionate; though unworthy Daughter in *Christ*,

LETTER

LETTER V.

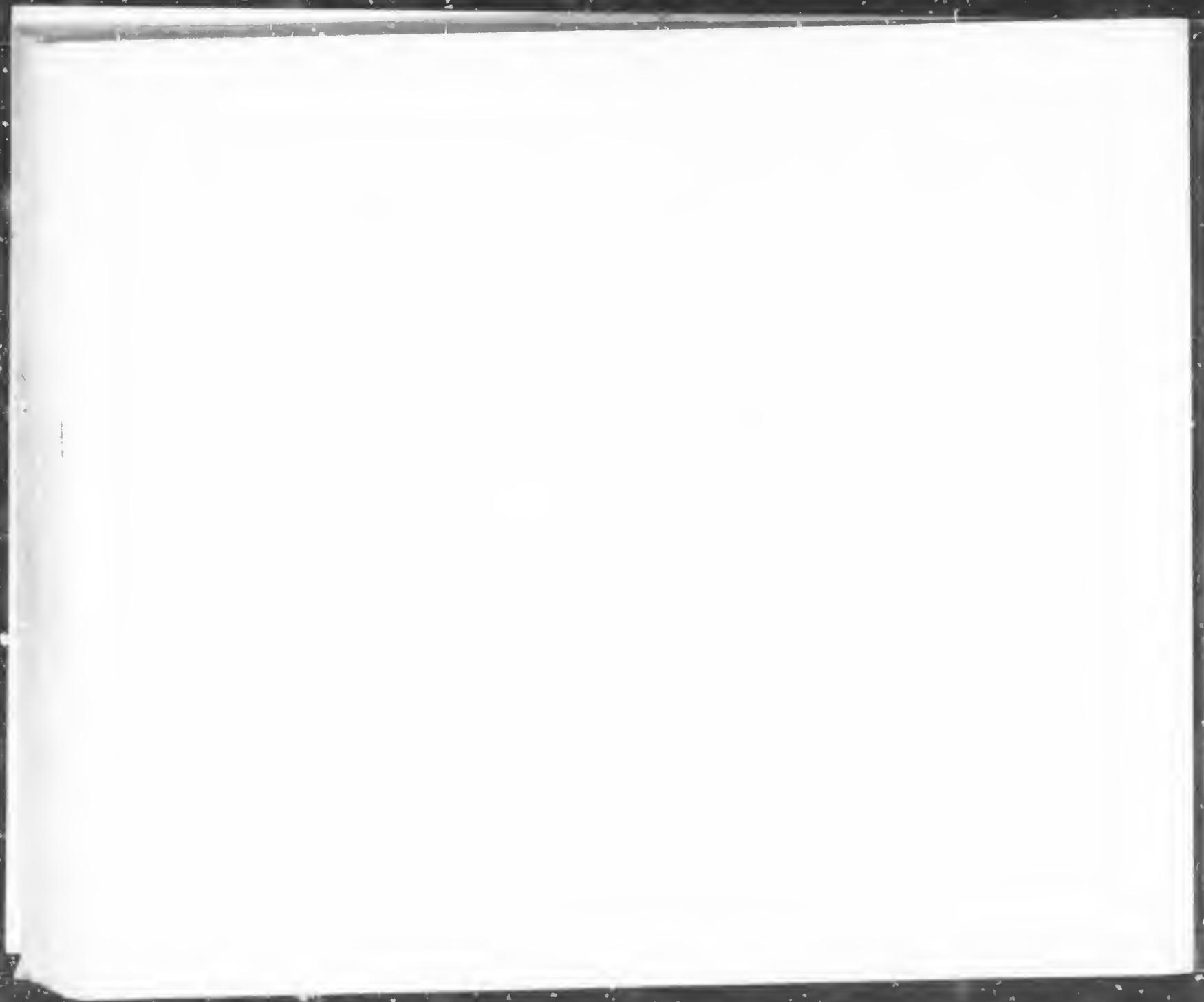
Carbonear, 7th of January, 1774.

My very dear and Reverend Sir,

I Am favoured with this Opportunity to write a few Lines, and hope, this will find you, and dear Family, safe and well in *England*; after a pleasant and edifying Passage through the mighty Waters: May he that holds them in the Hollow of his Hand hold, support, bless, protect, guide, and direct you, and yours; and may a double Portion of the dear Redeemer's Spirit be upon you, enabling you to blow the Gospel Trumpet very loud, in every Place where God calls you forth. But, Oh! to think of never having you this Way again is very Heart-breaking; but, I believe, your Work is done here, and God is now calling you to greater Work still. And when I consider, how you have laboured and toiled for a Parcel of poor unworthy Rebels, in this inclement Region, I am covered with Shame, to think that I am no better, no further advanced onward; and still I am no better than a

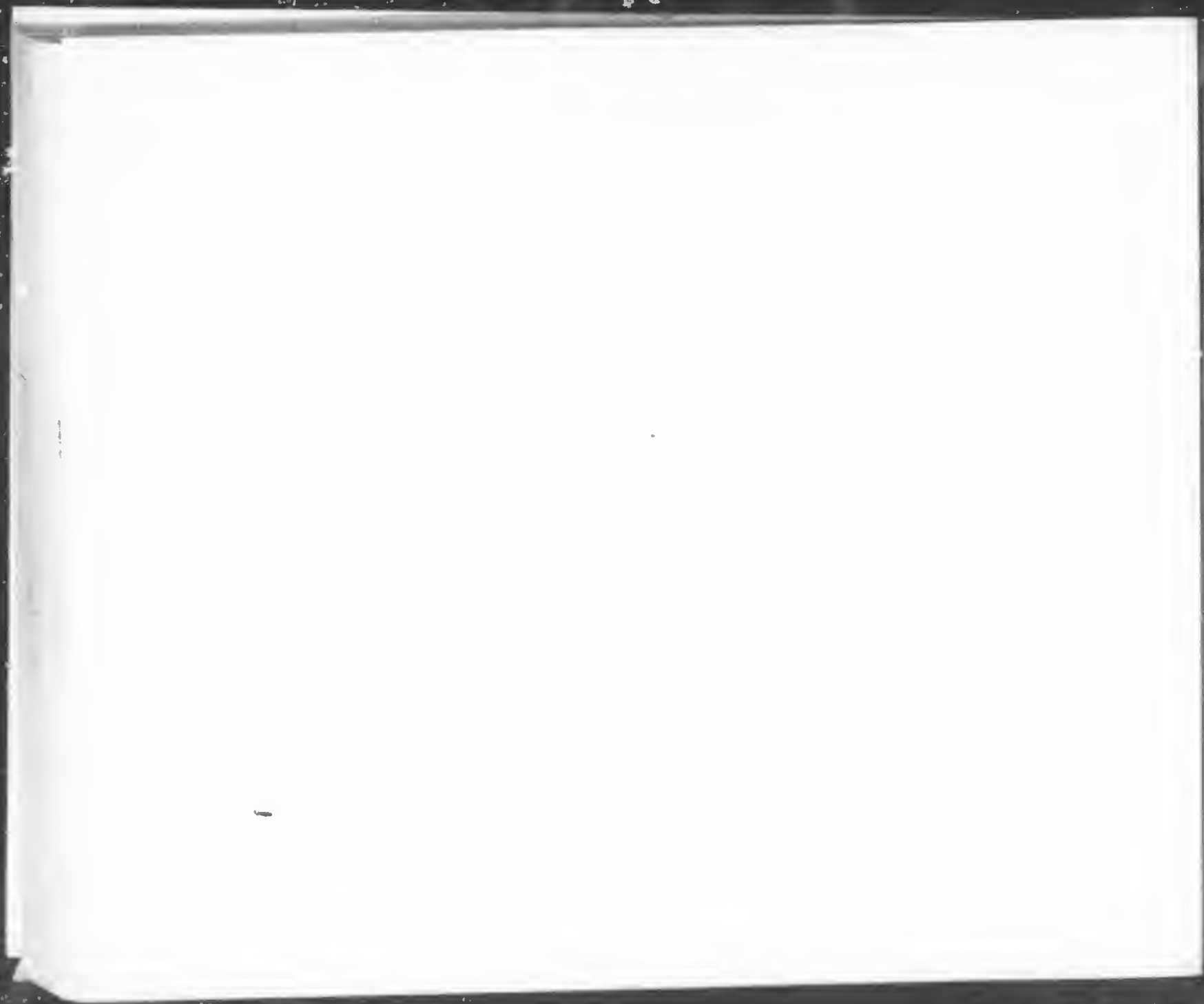
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withered Branch, notwithstanding the Cloud was with us seven Years, out of which the Lord gave us Rain from Heaven, and fruitful Seasons. What an Account have I to make for all those Gospel Blessings that I have enjoyed, for all these Gospel Showers, should I be found without Fruit at last! Surely the Lord will not send you this Way again; no, we are unworthy of such a Favour; no, God may justly make our Habitations as the Mountains of *Gilboa*, where there are no Dews; but Glory to him in the Highest, who commandeth the Clouds above, and openeth the Windows of Heaven; he it is that heareth Prayer; and this is the Privilege of God's poor Children in the Wilderness, that they have the Prayers of all God's faithful Ministers for them: Pray therefore, my dear Sir, repeatedly, to him *that giveth the Increase*, that he would open the Windows of Heaven, and remember and refresh this parched Wilderness, wherein we live, with continual Showers of his Grace; and that not one of those whom God hath given to your Ministry may be lost: And, Oh! that we may every one of us meet you in Heaven, and be presented by you to our dear *Immanuel*, and hear you say, *Behold me, blessed Jesus,*
and

and those thou didst give me in *Newfoundland*. Amen. Dear Sir, I hope, you will go through, and face all your *Newfoundland* Enemies, in the Strength of *Christ*, who will fight all your Battles for you, and bring you off more than Conqueror: It is his Cause, therefore fear not. I suppose, they will, Devil-like, be ashamed to appear openly against you; and would be glad, if you were silent; but out with those Serpents, out of the Grass, and expose them; not that we mind what wicked Men can do, or say, against us; but let God's Cause be glorified, and his dear Children in *England* be unprejudiced; I want all the World to know, and be assured, that you are a Prophet sent of God, a faithful Minister of *Jesus Christ*, which, Glory be to *Jesus*, myself and a great many more have happily experienced. Dear Sir, as soon as you left us, the *Harbour-Grace* Scribes and Pharisees occupied *Moses's* Seat; *A* and *B* have crept into the Church: *The Enemy came and sowed Tares*: One preaches one Sunday, and the other another; and they intend to keep Possession, until a Missionary comes out: The first Sermon Mr. *B* preached was at the Funeral of poor *J*—*S*—, who was found drowned at the Wharf, a little after



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after you failed, the same Morning, the Subject of the Sermon run on the Respect, Obedience and Homage, that People ought to pay to Magistrates, &c. And I am sorry to tell you, that several of those that were for a Time of your Flock are turned over to their Doctrine, viz. all the S—, and some others, at Harbour-Grace. But, blessed be the Lord, I have good News to write you, from your little Church, at Carbonear, that, notwithstanding our Proneness to stray, and being without you, yet the Lord does meet and bless us there; so that, I am sure, you are continually praying for, and with us; and although absent in the Flesh, yet we are often present in Spirit. Oh! Grace, Grace, Oh! blessed Gospel, Oh! blessed Truths, Oh! blessed Word and Spirit, that point out a crucified Saviour, the Son of God, lifted up for us: This, my dear Mr. Coughlan, is the Center of our Union, although we are separated, and dispersed into the uttermost Corners of the Wilderness; no Wonder then, that we are present in the Spirit. *Christ lifted up shall draw all Nations unto him.* I do often wonder with myself, how I should have any Love for, or Acquaintance with all that love *Jesus Christ*, even as though I was familiar with them, although I never saw them

them in the Flesh, yet by this blessed Union, I see them all, and enjoy happy and comfortable Moments with them that I never saw in the Body: All the dear Children of God, in this World, throughout the Earth, seem present with me; much more you, my dear and Reverend Father in *Christ*, who have laboured hard, and travelled in Birth for such a poor Hell-deserving Sinner as I am; may our heavenly Father give you his Blessing; even as the Blessings of *Jacob*, on the Head of *Joseph*, so, and more, may the blessed *Jesus* bestow upon you. My dear Sir, we had a blessed watering Season, on *Christmas-Day*, at our Love-Feast, in the Church, and a gracious out-pouring of the Spirit amongst us; I do assure you, the Lord was with us of a Truth; such a Time we have not had since your first coming amongst us (save the first two Years) not one; but was broken down; some cried out, others having their Cups running over: The gracious Redeemer made it a Love-Feast indeed, and turned our Water into Wine; and you, my dear Sir, was present upon all our Hearts, in a particular Manner that Day. Oh! that I had Power from on High, that I could once venture out

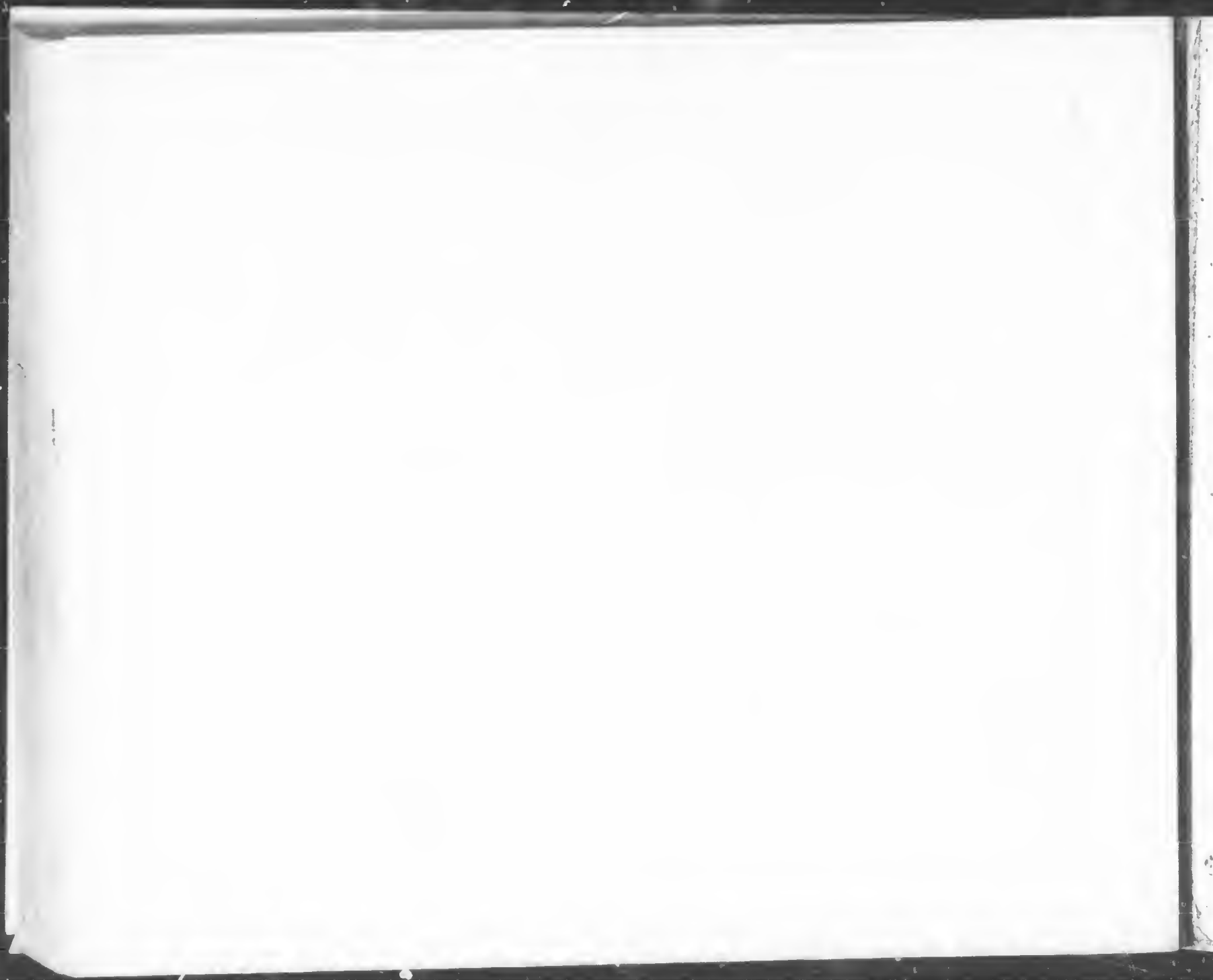


out into the High Ways, without Crutches, and call in poor Sinners to feast with such a merciful Saviour; but my Faculties are destroyed by a long Course of Sin and Vice, that to me it seems impossible, that ever I should do any such great Work for *Christ*: However, I hope, he will make me willing to do what I am capable of, and make me any Thing, or Nothing, so that I may glorify him, and be his humble Servant still. Dear Sir, if it should not be the Will of God to send you out again; pray be assured, if you send any one to us, that he may be an experienced Soldier of *Jesus Christ*; otherwise, it is better for us to be as we are; for our God doth bless us in our little short Comings: I think, if you send one, he must be endued with no little Share of Spiritual Gifts, to build upon anothers Foundation: God direct for the best, I hope he will keep us until that Time: And, dear Sir, whether you or any other should come, let us be directed by you how to proceed, that we may not let all drop; the *Lord Jesus* forbid, that we ever should be content with a formal Profession.—My dear Sir, all our dear Friends desire their Love to you.—This

is our Meeting Night, and I hope, the blessed *Jesus* will meet and bless us.— I am obliged to conclude for want of Room.

T—P—

LETTER



L E T T E R VI.

November 2, 1774.

Harbour-Grace, Newfoundland.

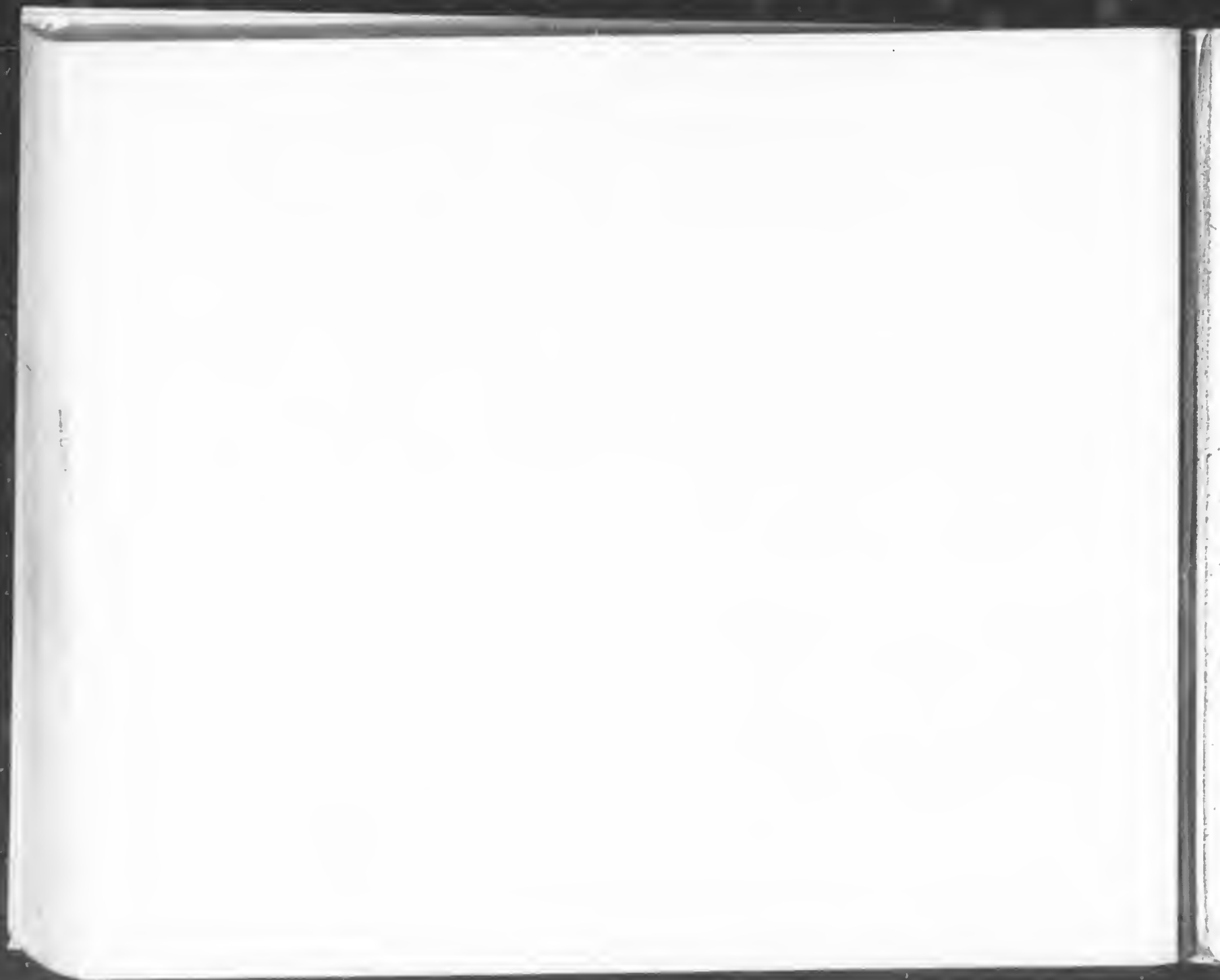
S I R,

I Must begin this Letter, by saying, that you will wonder to receive this from me; however with Men Things are impossible, with God all Things are possible; Evidences sufficient, to shew his Almighty Power; *who commanded the Light to shine out of Darknes.* Dear Sir, among the Number that will be taking this Opportunity, of declaring *the Love of God shed abroad in their Hearts,* and of glorifying his holy and blessed Name, for the Manifestation of his Love to them, and the comfortable Influence of his Holy Spirit, I am constrained to own, and gladly declare, that he seems very precious to my poor sequestered Soul, that was so long estranged from him; that his Long-suffering has at last touched the Heart that was once hardened against the most endearing

dearing Calls of his Holy Spirit. Oh! my dear Friend, I believe you often lifted up your Heart and Eyes to that all lovely and blessed Saviour, with ardent Intercessions for me, who cruelly abused his Mercy, and trampled under Foot the silent Convictions of an awakening Conscience. Blessed be thy holy Name, thou dear *Immanuel,* who hast plucked me as a Brand from the Burning: Oh! grant, that the Prayers of my Friend may co-operate with my poor imperfect Ones, for the Increase of thy Love, and that Faith which worketh by Love. It has pleased the Father of Mercies, to give his Son a few out of the World: a few, I trust, that will gather more Sons to Righteousness. I am but a Probationer, and young in the School of *Christ;* but a Week Yesterday, that I found my Heart giving way to the sweet Calls of that dear Redeemer, and warming it with humble Adoration for his Loving-kindness: It was, when all had told the blessed Experience they had of the divine Love shed abroad in their Hearts, when I set self-condemned, without a Wedding Garment, justly convicted of my Unworthiness; since which, I praise the Almighty Power, that cut my Bonds asunder, and loosened me from

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the Fetters of Sin and Death: Oh! that I may be enabled to set forth his Praise, and declare his Loving-kindness more and more. Amen. — I had the Pleasure of reading your Letter to poor *W* — *H* —, and it gave me great Satisfaction, he is a very serious and true Christian, and labours indefatigably in the Gift he has obtained; I trust, his Talent will gain many Tens. As you have Accounts from many Hands, you will hear every Particular; my Hurry will not admit of my enlarging: I am going to sail for Home To-Morrow, God willing.

I am,
 Your most humble,
 And obedient Servant,
W — *L* —

LETTER

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LETTER VII.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

Mr. COUGHLAN,

REVEREND SIR,

I Hope, that this Letter will find you possessed of every Thing that can make you happy here, and filled with that Peace which the World cannot give, or ever take away. Suffer me, dear Sir, with the rest of your Friends in these Parts, to acquaint you with the Work of God upon my Soul. When I first heard you preach, I went and searched the Scriptures, to find if these Things were so; and I found, that your Preaching and the Word of God agreed: Then I began to consider, what State I was in; and the Lord was pleased to shew me, that I was an helpless Sinner. One Day, when employed at my ordinary Business, I suddenly felt a Depression of Spirit, and all the Sins I had ever committed, stared me instantly in the



Face; about one Week, I felt this guilty Load, and I constantly prayed to be delivered from it: The Lord heard my Prayer, and set my Soul at Liberty. I cannot say, that I felt any sudden or instantaneous Change; but I found the Burden gradually remove, and the Love of Jesus overspread my Soul: However, I can now say, in full Assurance of Faith, that *Jesus loved me, and gave himself for me*: I find him very precious to me; and I do know, that *God, for Christ's Sake, has forgiven all my Sins*. Blessed be God, I have been called to suffer Affliction in this Life; I am almost in continual Anguish, in consequence of a broken Limb, that was badly set; yet, in the Midst of my Pains, I can *rejoice in the Lord, and triumph in the God of my Salvation*.—At present, I have a Persuasion, that my Time here below is short; and I bless God, I am ready whenever the Messenger comes. The Ground of my Persuasion is this; about six Weeks past, my Wife informed me, that she heard the most extraordinary and charming Musick in the World, and that she heard it continually while awake; her Words seemed to me as idle Tales, and I would not be persuaded, but that it was mere Fancy or Imagination, till, at last,

about

about three Weeks past, I began to hear the same myself; since which Time, it is my constant Attendant, while I am awake; in what Place soever I am, it is with me continually: It is different from all other Musick that ever I heard, and is most like the Sound of an Organ, according to the Description I have heard given of Organs; the Sounds are many and various; the Tunes, which are Psalm or Hymn Tunes, “with many a Preamble “sweet,” are truly Heavenly; so that, if a Pause is made in it, but a Minute, I seem dejected for want of it: This makes me think, that I shall soon be set at Liberty from this House of Clay, and delivered from the cumbrous Clod that now bows down my Spirit with Anguish.—I hope, you will not look upon what I have said as wild and extravagant, for I solemnly declare, in the Presence of God, that it is the very Truth.—Glory be to my God, that ever I heard your Voice; receive my Thanks; and may my God give you his Blessing.—I hope to see you in the Realm of Bliss, and to welcome you into the Mansions of everlasting Repose; till then, Adieu: Continue faithful.

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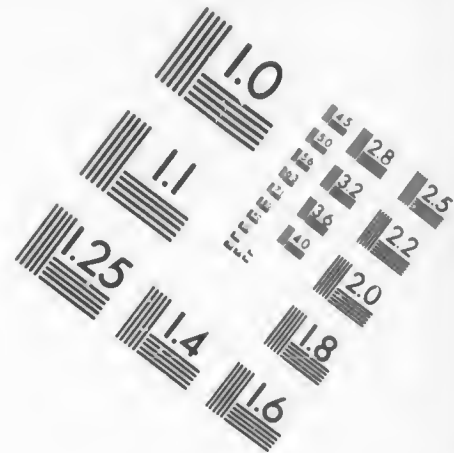
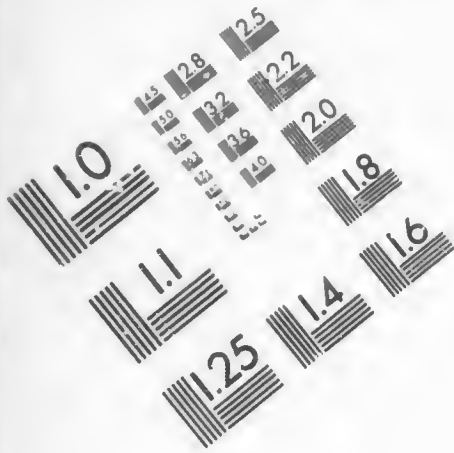
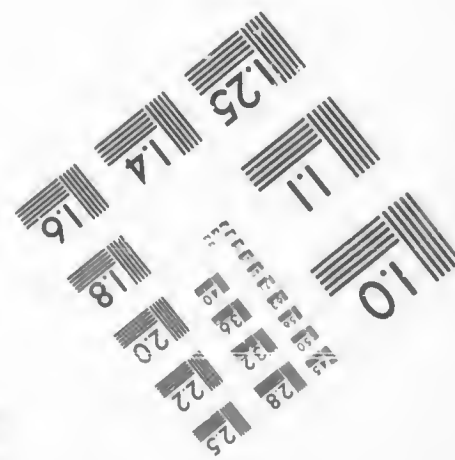
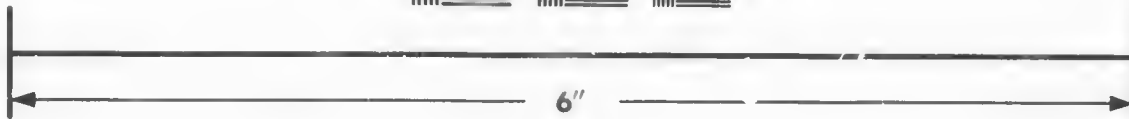
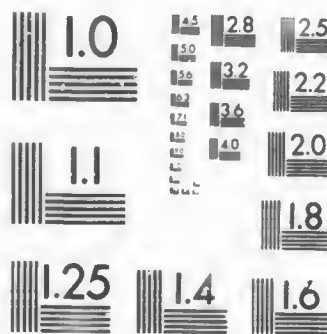


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(1790)
unto Death, and your Master will give
you a Crown of Life.

HIV R H H H H

Yours, &c.

James Noseworthy.

N. B. The above extraordinary Account
was related by *James Noseworthy*, and
corroborated by the Testimony of his
Wife, in the Meetings; and every Par-
ticular, nearly, as expressed above, came
from his Lips, and was wrote by

John Streeton.

LETTER

(1791)
LETTER VIII.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

DEAR and REVEREND SIR,

THIS comes to you, with my sincere
Affection, and, I hope, it will find you
in Prosperity of Soul and Body. Though
your Work in this Land is at an end, yet
some of the Fruits of it do remain, and,
I trust, will prove the Crown of your
rejoicing in the Great Day of our Lord
and Saviour; then, I hope, I shall be of
the Number, and prove one of the Seals
to your Ministry. My Experience is as
follows: I had my Education in *Neu-*
England, in a religious Family, and was
early taught the Fear of the Lord; in
this Fear, I was preserved; and, by the
restraining Grace of God, I was kept from
the gross Pollutions that are in the World.
At last, it pleased the Lord to send you
into these Parts, and I praise my God for
his Mercy in sending you. When I first
heard you, my Heart rejoiced: When the
Sound, the blessed Sound of the Gospel
reached

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reached my Ear, it soon found a way to my Heart; and I clearly saw, that no partial outward Righteousness would avail me; then I mourned and grieved for my Sins, and sought continually for Occasions, in private, to pour out my Grievs before the Lord: Thus I went on a long Time; but my God, at last, comforted me. One Evening, while my Husband was reading the Scriptures in our Family, the Lord broke in upon my Soul, and I felt his Love overflow my Heart suddenly, it flashed in upon my Soul like Lightning; and I felt a Comfort and Joy that no Words can express.—Since this Time, I frequently feel a Return of the same Heavenly Fire, sometimes in private, sometimes in publick; when I draw near unto the Lord.—Glory be to my God for his Free-Grace, I yet enjoy the Comforts of his Presence; and, I hope, I shall soon enjoy it in full Fruition to all Eternity.—My dear Sir, I cannot refrain from acquainting you with what I hourly experience: About six Weeks past, on a Night, when in Bed, suddenly I heard the most charming Musick in the World; no Tongue can express the divine Harmony of it; and when it first began, I thought, as it played, it expressed these

Words,

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Words, "All your Sins forgiven!" This Expression was continually, for a considerable Time, repeated in Concert with the Musick. When I told my Husband what I heard, he would not believe me; but, shortly after, he was convinced that it was the Truth, for he heard it himself. The Tunes are Psalm and Hymn Tunes, which it plays; and it consists of Bass, Treble, and Tenour: Sometimes it plays exceeding soft; then again it raises, and plays exceeding loud; sometimes the Treble and Tenour Parts play alone; then the Bass strikes in, and accompanies them; in short, no Tongue can describe the delightful Harmony of it. For my Part, I am enraptured with it; and, as I believe it to be a delightful Summons to me, I the more rejoice. How do I sometimes long to be dissolved, to be with *Christ*, to join this heavenly Musick, in singing the Praises of my God, and the Lamb for ever and ever.—All my Family desires to be remembered to you, particularly my Son *John*.—I hope to meet you at God's Right Hand, and spend with you a happy Eternity. I am, Dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate Daughter

in *Christ Jesus*,

Jane Nofeworkey.

ALBION

Ms. COUGHLAN.

SIR,

I Have been very particular in what respects Mrs. Nesworthy's Account of this extraordinary Musick; I have asked so many Questions, and been so minute in my Inquiry, that I at last believe it is the very Truth, as related above (you know I am not very credulous:) I have wrote the Account as near her own Words as I could.

Your Friend,

John Stretton.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

DEAR MR. COUGHLAN,

SIR,

AGREEABLE to your Desire, I send you my Experience; but had much rather tell it to you, Face to Face, than write: But alas, the happy Days are at an end; when we used to converse with you: We shall no more receive your godly Admonitions and Instructions; no more hear you proclaim the everlasting Gospel; and no more receive the blessed Sacrament at your Hands: We often lament, and, if possible, would wish a Return of the happy Days that are past: My Experience is as follows: The Gospel came with Power from your Lips, and reached the Hearts of my Family; our Eyes were all opened, as you may remember, at the same Time: For my Part, I saw myself as a lost sinful Worm, utterly unworthy of

of Mercy; and many a Tear I shed, and many an aching Heart I had, before the God of my Salvation set me at Liberty; above twelve Months I groaned under the Lashes of a guilty Conscience, and the Terrors of the Law. One Evening, when musing on my wretched Condition, in my own House, and while I was lamenting my undone State, the Lord broke in upon my Soul, with these Words, "Hear not, only Believe." The Clouds were now dispersed; I was filled with Love; my heavy Burden was removed; I felt myself lifted above my Griets; and I did believe, that God, for *Christ's* Sake, had forgiven all my Sins. I rejoiced thus in the Lord, about a Week; and then the Enemy came in as a Flood, and persuaded me, that I was deceived, that all was a Delusion, and that I had not received Pardon, or Consolation, as yet. Six Weeks, the Enemy thus blinded my Eyes, oppressed my Spirits, and overwhelmed me in Distress: Oh! what Anguish of Spirit was I in, until the *Lord Jesus* again delivered me. On a *Sabbath-Day*, when returning from the Holy Sacrament, filled with Anguish, and perplexing Doubts and Fears, suddenly I felt myself delivered; my Doubts were all dispersed, and I was filled with

with Love: Oh! how did my Heart rejoice; then I defied my Adversary, and could, with full Assurance of Faith, call *Jesus* Lord. Since this Time, blessed be God, I have been kept by the Power of Free-Grace, and I may truly say,

"Oh! to Grace, how great a Debtor,

"Daily I'm constrain'd to be;

"May that Grace, still, like a Fetter,

"Bind my wand'ring Heart to thee."

This, in sum, is my Experience. Oh! that the Remembrance of my Lord's Goodness may excite me to continue faithful unto him, and cleave closer and closer unto my God. We are not likely to meet again in the Flesh, but, I hope; we shall meet where parting shall be no more. I am, with true Respect,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and Daughter,

in *Christ Jesus*,

M— P—

K

LETTER

M. C. A. James

L E T T E R S

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

My very dear Mr. COUGHLAN,

I Am yet among the Sons of Men, yet in the Land of the Living; calmly waiting my good Master's Pleasure; ready, whenever he is pleased to sign my Release from this House of Clay. I here send you my Experience, and, I hope, the Account will prove a Blessing to many: From my Youth up, I was moral, and regular in my Conversation, of a sober, reserved Disposition; yet totally blind to my Corruption by Nature, till the merciful Lord sent you into this Place, to preach the everlasting Gospel. Glory for ever be to my God, that I heard the joyful News from your Lips, which has proved mighty to the pulling down of Strongholds. The first Time I heard you preach, I was convinced of Sin; the Truth found a way to my Heart, and I saw and felt my lost Condition by Nature; and my whole

Life

Life appeared a Blot: I saw, that I had never done one good Action all my long Life; and my Grief was great and sore, that ever I offended a good, an infinitely good God: I laboured under this Distress of Soul near two Years; during which Time, I sought the Lord earnestly with Tears, Night and Day; and you know, that I constantly attended the Means of Grace whenever I could. At last, it pleased God to manifest his pardoning Love to me, and to comfort my afflicted Heart. Many Times, I intended to go and open the State of my Soul to you, but still something hindered; I have been on the way to you, and then again returned back; at last, I went to your House, and opened the State of my Soul to you; and you prayed with and for me; the same Evening, when I left your House, there was a heavy Load upon my Spirit, and I went slowly on my way Home; heavy and dejected; but before I reached my own House, it pleased the Lord to shine upon my Soul, and I was suddenly filled with joy and Peace in believing: I found my Heart enlarged, and lifted up in Praise and Thanksgiving; and I went to my House rejoicing. Here was an Instance of amazing Mercy, for I was about seventy

Years

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

Years old, when this Miracle of healing was performed in me. Oh! how shall I praise the God of my Salvation? How shall I return the Honour due unto the Name, the all-prevailing Name of *Jesus*? I am sure, I have Reason to bless God, that ever I saw your Face, or ever heard the Sound of your Voice, for you was the Messenger of Peace to my Soul. Oh! that my God may shower down Blessings on your Head here, and reward you with an enduring Inheritance in Heaven. Glory be to my God, I am yet enabled to rejoice in him, and, I hope, ere long, my tedious Pilgrimage will be at an end, and that I shall be called to see the King in his fair Beauty, to triumph for ever in his Presence, and to live and reign with him, through a happy Eternity. Give my Love and best Regards to dear Mrs. *Coughlan*, and believe me to be, in Sincerity and Truth,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Daughter,

Christ Jesus,

M—M—

LETTER

LETTER XI.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

Mr. COUGHLAN,

DEAR SIR,

I Did not receive your Letter of the 13th of *April*, till the Beginning of *October*, and I was heartily glad to hear from you, but was truly sorrowful, when I considered, that I shall see your Face no more; however, I am rejoiced, when I consider, that you are happy, and out of the Power of your Enemies. Agreeable to your Desire, I here acquaint you with the Work of God upon my Soul: You have heard, no doubt, that I have lived a regular Life from my Youth up; through the restraining Grace of God, I was preserved from the many Pollutions of the Place wherein I was born; and I endeavoured to serve God in the best Manner I was able. I heard you preach often, before I was convinced that your Preaching con-

K 3 cerned

PLATE 17

cerned me: I did not see my Need of a Saviour: I thought my own Righteousness was sufficient for me: At last, it pleased God to open my Eyes, by Means of your preaching from these Words, *Let the Wicked forsake his Way, and the Unrighteous Man his Thoughts, and return unto the Lord, and he will have Mercy upon him, &c.* The Words were directly applicable to my State; I saw clearly, that if I was not Wicked, yet I was Unrighteous, and wanted a Saviour as much as any one. When my Eyes were opened, how astonished was I to find, that all my Righteousness was as filthy Rags, was hateful in the Sight of a pure and holy God. I mourned, I lamented, and prayed continually to my God, to open my Eyes yet more and more, and lead me in the Way of Truth. Thus I strove, and prayed near three Months; and then, at a publick Meeting, the Lord was pleased to give me an Assurance of his Love: After this, I began to doubt of the Reality of my Conversion, and prayed for a clearer Evidence of Pardon and Acceptance: My good Lord heard and answered, and gave me an Evidence shortly after, at another publick Meeting, clear as the Meridian Sun; then, I could truly say, that

that Jesus was *precious* to my Soul; that he was *altogether lovely*; and that his Righteousness alone (*imputed and imparted*) was sufficient for me. Glory be to his great Name, I yet find him near; he is my only Comfort and Delight; the Joy and Desire of my Heart.—I feel myself greatly attached to you, it was you that was the Messenger of Peace to my Soul; and I can assure you, if I was not so much advanced in Years as I am, that I would gladly undertake a Voyage to *England*, for no other Purpose, but to see your Face once more in the Flesh; but as it is improbable that we shall meet again in the Body, I trust we shall at last meet in the Realms of Bliss and Glory, to part no more. My Love to dear Mrs. *Coughlan*, and Miss *Belsey*; may you and they long enjoy Happiness and Comfort in your native Land, and arrive at last in the Haven of Eternal Rest; I am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend,

Son and Servant,

in Christ Jesus;

Y— P—

LETTER

Mr. L. C. B. Assessment 2

L E T T E R XII.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

Mr. COUGHLAN,

DEAR SIR,

I T rejoiced my Heart, to hear your Letter read in our Meeting, last Spring; but, I am sure, I was grieved, to hear that you was not to come to us again. Lord, help us, we are left *as Sheep, without a Shepherd.* Oul that the Lord may supply our Wants, for they are great. Agreeable to your Desire, I send you an Account of my Conversion, which was as follows; I heard you preach a long Time, and used all the Means of Grace, before I was truly convinced of my lost, undone State by Nature; and so stupid was I, and ignorant, that I laughed, and wondered, when I heard my Sister talk of her being converted; and I did not believe, that she was a Sinner great enough to need Conversion. At last, it pleased God to work upon

upon my Soul: One Night, when coming from a publick Meeting, I was affrighted, and the Lord made use of it as a Means to awaken me; then, and not before, I saw myself lost and undone; I found, I had as much Need of a Saviour, and of being converted, as any other Person whatsoever. I cried mightily to the Lord, and he heard me, and that soon; for the third Night after I felt myself a Sinner, as I was at Prayer, in my own House, the Lord was pleased to break in upon my Soul, dispersed all my Fears, and gave me Power to believe in him; my Heart was lifted up, and I was enabled to rejoice in God my Saviour; from that Time, which is now about three Years, my God has enabled me to cleave closer and closer unto him. Last Winter, it pleased the Lord to afflict me very sore; the Fever raged in my Family, and two of my Children died of it: I lost a Son, aged nineteen Years; and a Daughter, aged near seventeen Years; I hope, they both died happy. Blessed be God, he has given me Patience to endure Affliction; I consider, that *whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every Son whom he receiveth.* My dear Sir, I request your Prayers for me, that I may continue faithful unto Death;

that I may at last join you, with the rest of God's dear Children, where Sorrow and Sighing shall be for ever done away.

I remain, with all Humility,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend,

And humble Servant,

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

Mr. COUGHLAN,

DEAR SIR,

I Join myself to the Number of your Friends, to write to you; and must say, with the rest, that I am rejoiced, and sad; rejoiced, to hear of your Welfare; and sad, to consider, that you will not return to us again. May the Lord, who is the great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls, reward you a thousand-fold for your Labour of Love in these Parts, and may he send us another Pastor after his own Heart: According to your Request, I here send you an Account of the Work of God on my Soul: I heard you preach the everlasting Gospel near three Years, before I felt that I was a Sinner: I constantly attended the Means of Grace; but felt not the Power of Religion, till the Lord himself was pleased, at last, to open my Eyes; then

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then the Word came with Power to my Heart, and I saw and felt my lost, undone Condition by Nature, and by Practice: I laboured under these Convictions about twelve Months, groaning earnestly to be delivered; at last, it pleased the Lord to break in upon my Soul, in a very powerful Manner, when I was receiving the Holy Sacrament at your Hands; then, then, I found experimentally that His *Flesh was Meat indeed*, and that His *Blood was Drink indeed*; my *Jesus* did then feed my Soul with the Manna of his Love; I found the Burden removed that pressed me down, my Heart was enlarged; and I can truly say, that I did then indeed rejoice in God my Saviour. Glory be to God, I yet feel, that *Jesus* is precious to my Soul, he is yet with me, his Rod and his Staff do comfort me. I find, that all his Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all his Paths are Peace. Thanks be to my God for his Free-Grace, I stand, and I hope, through the same Almighty Power, that I shall be enabled to persevere unto the End. Let me, with the rest of your poor Children in these Parts, have an Interest in your Prayers; I am sure, we often think of you, and we often present you in our Prayers before the Lord:
Oh!

Oh! that he may hear our united Cries, and enable us to continue faithful unto Death, that we may all inherit a Crown of Life, and may at last meet, to enter with you into the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. Give my Love and best Respects to Mrs. *Coughlan*, and Miss *Betsy*, and believe me to be,

Dear Sir,

Your real Friend,

And very humble Servant,

C. K.

LETTER

Ms. A. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

LETTER XIV.

Reverend and dear Mr. Coughlan,

SIR, I have willingly embraced this Opportunity of acquainting you, that the Lord has still preserved me, as a Monument of his Mercies; he proves to me an indulgent Father, and a bountiful Benefactor: Oh! how doth he fulfil his Promises, in *pardonning Iniquities, Transgressions, and Sin*. I, who was a Brand plucked from the infernal Lake, how ought I to adore Free-Grace, who have experienced *Jesus to be my Redeemer*, when Thousands better than I are left fast bound in the Chains of Sin and Misery. But, O my dear Sir, what Reason have I to blush, and be ashamed, when I review my After-Walk, who have so often abused the Goodness and Long-sufferings of my dear *Jesus*, who have so often trifled with his precious Blood! I verily believe, that I am the vilest of all God's Children; for, believe me, Sir, I am still a poor, weak, unprofitable Child: I, who ought to be a Teacher of others, am still in need of a Teacher,

Teacher; yet, O my dear Sir, I can say that *Jesus* loves me! Is not this Grace upon Grace? I hope you will help me to praise God for his Mercy towards me: And, O my dear Sir, pray for me, that I may *endure to the End*: I trust, that he who has *begun this good Work* will never leave me nor forsake me. May I ever hold fast whereunto I have already attained, and never draw back, till I may be found complete in Glory, and sing incessant *Hallelujahs*: to God and the Lamb for ever. Amen. — Dear Sir, I desire to be thankful for the Goodness of God, in conveying you safe to your desired Port; and may *Jesus* ever bless you from the upper and nether Spring; so prays your unworthy Daughter in the Gospel,

E — T —

LETTER

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LETTER XV.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

MR. COUGHLAN,

MY DEAR SIR,

I Received your Favour last Spring, and was rejoiced to hear of your safe Arrival in London; but was greatly distressed, when I found that you was not to return to us again. I felt the Want of you in the Winter, yet had some Hopes that you would return; but when I found you must stay, my Hopes were blasted, and I mourned, as though you were dead, or as though some Evil had happened unto you; yet, in the Midst of my Distress, I found the Lord (who is the only Help in Time of Need) was my Comfort and Consolation, my Strength and my Stay. Agreeable to your Desire, I here send an Account, how I was brought to God, through the Ministration of the glorious Gospel, which has proved the Power of God unto Salvation to my Soul. My Life, before you came to this Land, was regular; and I hoped to

be saved by the Merit of my Works; nor do I know, that I was truly awakened, until the Winter that you first went from this Place to England; then it pleased the Lord to open my Eyes, and I found, I was an Unbeliever; and had Need of a Saviour: But on Christmas-Day, when you first administered the Holy Sacrament in Harbour-Grace, I felt the Weight and Burden of my Sins; I saw my great Unworthiness to receive the Holy Communion, and was so oppressed with Awe and Terrour, as I approached the Table; that I sunk down; and I know not to this Hour, how I received the sacred Elements. From this Time, I felt strong Convictions (which were often so violent, that I could hardly bear up under them) until the twelfth Day of February following; on that Night, when returning from a publick Meeting, I felt myself so vile and wretched, that I was constrained often to fall on my Knees in the publick Path, and cry for Mercy; but before I reached my own House, the Lord Jesus broke in upon my Soul, took away the heavy Load that bowed me down, and I went on my Way rejoicing. I can, by no Means, describe the amazing Alteration which I suddenly felt; I was happy, my Night

M. N. L. B. 1881

was turned into Day, my Hell was changed to a Heaven. Since that Time, blessed be God, I stand; and, in the Strength of *Jesus*, I am enabled to *fight the good Fight of Faith*: Oh! that I may be enabled to endure unto the End. I find, my *Jesus* is still precious to my Soul; he lifts my sinking Spirits in every Affliction, and is better to me than all the World. I request an Interest in your Prayers, you always have an Interest in mine. Oh! may we meet where Prayer is lost in Praise, and Parting is no more.

I am,

My dear Sir,

Your affectionate Daughter,

C—A—

[Faint, illegible text]

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

Mr. COUGHLAN,

SIR,

I Hope, you will favourably receive a Letter from my Hands, though I am an unworthy Follower of the dear Lord *Jesus*. You expressed some Fears about me in your Letter, and I confess that they were not groundless; for I find myself often halting by the Way, and I may say, that if I had not been a Loiterer, I might have been further on in my heavenly Journey. You desired all those who had a Work of God wrought upon their Soul to write their Experience, and send it you. In Obedience to your Command, I, among the rest, give you an Account of the Work of God upon my Soul, which was as follows:.. All my youthful Days were spent in Vanity and very Wickedness; I exceeded all my Neighbours

M. J. B. L. 1000000000

Neighbours in Iniquity, and gloried in my Shame; as last, it pleased God to awaken me, under a remarkable Sermon of yours, in *Carbonear*, on these Words, *Let the Wicked forsake his Way, and the unrighteous Man his Thoughts, &c.* The Word came with Power to my Soul; I saw myself wicked and abominable, and wondered that my God was so kind, as to offer Pardon to such a Rebel as I had been. The Conviction followed me, and increased more and more, till my Sins became a Grief, and Burden too heavy for me to bear: Near twelve Months, I groaned under the Lashes of a guilty Conscience, and then it pleased my dear Redeemer to have Mercy upon me. One Night, being at Prayer with our Friends in a private Meeting, the Lord *Jesus* set my Soul at Liberty, and gave me an Assurance of his Love; he shewed me, that great as my Sins had been, yet that he was able and willing to pardon, and receive me into Favour. Oh! how was I astonished at his gracious Condescension; I sunk down, overwhelmed with a Sense of my very great Unworthiness; and remained trembling, and overpowered with Wonder, till our Friends came and raised me from my Knees. After this, I had some Doubts

Doubts of my Acceptance; the Enemy would have persuaded me, that all was a Delusion; and my Lord hid his lovely Face from me: Oh! what did I suffer in the Absence of my Lord; no Tongue can express the Anguish of Soul I endured, while he concealed himself from me: However, he did not leave me long comfortless; he came to my Deliverance, dispersed these Clouds, and all my Doubts vanished. Glory be to my God, I yet enjoy the Comforts of his Presence, can call *Jesus*, Lord, and do still feel him precious to my Soul. Oh! that I had the Tongue of an Angel, to praise the Name of my God for his Mercies to me: He plucked me as a Brand from the Burning; when I was in the high Road to Destruction, he stopped my Course, and led me into the Path of Life. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate, though unworthy

Son and Servant,

J— M—

LETTER

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L E T T E R XVII.

November 4, 1774.

My dear Mr. *Coughlan*,

AS I should be always glad to hear from you, I would not let slip any Opportunity of writing to you, if Time would permit; and as Mr. *H*— has been detained by contrary Winds, and I now have a little Leisure, I gladly embrace it, to tell you how thankful I am to God, that you are well, and doing good in your Lord's Vineyard. Oh! my dear Sir, how merciful has our blessed Redeemer been to us poor Creatures here, that he should in so distinguishing a Manner, visit us, by sending the Light of his glorious Gospel amongst us; blessed be his holy Name, although, through my great Ingratitude, I am utterly unworthy, yet I find it to be the Power of God to the Salvation of my Soul: *I know, that my Redeemer liveth*, and he often comforts me with his divine Love; but my base ungrateful

ungrateful Heart, how ready is it to turn aside from my altogether lovely Redeemer! How ready to receive and worship Idols! But though I find these Temptations strong, yet Grace is stronger; my *Jesus*, in his Power and Strength, enables me to resist and conquer. O Sir, by the many Corruptions I feel, I know, that I have not made use of the Talent my Lord entrusted to my Care; I have not been faithful to Grace vouchsafed: But pray for me, that I may be enabled to set out afresh, and trample all these Enemies to my Peace under my Feet; that my blessed *Jesus* may be Lord and Ruler of every Thought, Word, and Action of mine. My dear Sir, how do I lament the Want of these refreshing Seasons, which I made but too light of, when frequently to be had. Oh! may our Lord send us a Teacher after his own Heart, that our Souls may be more abundantly fed; but though I should have many Teachers, yet my Love for you would exceed them all: I never shall forget your Exhortations to me; for my Redeemer has blessed them to my Soul. I should be very thankful indeed to see you, and dear Mrs. *Coughlan*, once more, and I hope, that God in this Matter will grant my Request;

WILLIAM LUDLOW

Request; but should he no more, we shall meet where Parting shall be no more, where *Sabbaths* never end; but where there will be ceaseless *Hallelujahs*, seeing *the Lamb, who hath redeemed us with his Blood, and made us Kings and Priests unto our God.* I hope, you do not forget me in your Prayers, that the Lord may grant me more Faith and Love, and make me *holy in all Manner of Conversation*, that I may constantly be enabled to *worship the Lord my God in Spirit and in Truth with my Body and Spirit, which are his.*

I am, dear Sir,

Your unworthy, though

sincere Friend, &c.

J — T —

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Harbour-Grace, November 1, 1774.

M. COUGHLAN,

DEAR SIR,

AS I am deprived of the Happiness of seeing your Face to Face, I gladly comply with your Desire, in sending you an Account of my Experience: When I first heard you preach, I was dead to God; *dead in Trespasses and in Sins*; had no Notion of being *born again*, and did not see my wretched State by Nature and Practice: I constantly attended your preaching for about two Years, and all that Time, I was not convinced of my lost State: At last, it pleased the Lord to lay me on the Bed of Affliction; Death stared me in the Face, and all my former Sins came to my Remembrance; I then saw my Need of a Saviour, and was constrained to cry mightily to God, that he would

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save me from eternal Damnation: I saw myself fit for Hell and Destruction, and knew that, if I was not washed in the Blood of *Jesus*, I could not be saved: I lay in this great Affliction of Body and Mind about six Weeks, as you may remember, Sir, for you often visited me in my Affliction. One Morning, as I lay in great Weakness and Distress, it pleased my blessed Redeemer to visit me; I felt my Distress removed, and my Soul filled with the Love of *Jesus*; I thought myself wholly saved from Sin; the glorious *Sun of Righteousness* did arise with healing in his Wings: From that Hour, I thought, I began to amend; I felt Peace in believing, and a Resignation to the Will of God: But, Oh! dear Sir, what little Progress have I made! How shamefully have I turned aside, and grieved that *Holy Spirit* *wherewith I was sealed*: But, Glory be to my God, he hath had Mercy on me, and given me Grace to return; I do now desire to be wholly given up to God, to be directed by him in all my Ways. I still continue to meet with the rest of our Friends; and I find, that the Meetings are blessed Means of Grace to my Soul: And I have Reason to praise God, that ever I

saw

saw your Face; for, under God, I owe my Salvation to you; and I trust to meet you with Joy, when you have entered into the Joy of your Lord. I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend,
and Son in Christ,

J. — B.

M. 2. LETTER

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LETTER THE NINETEENTH

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

Dear Mr. COUGHLAN,

SIR,

YOU already know my former Experience; yet, in compliance to your Desire, I will again repeat it to you: You preached here near three Years, before the Word made any Impression upon me; I found my Heart hard as the Nether Millstone, and felt not my guilty, fallen State; at last, the merciful Redeemer was pleased to open my Eyes, in a sudden, and almost instantaneous Manner, when sitting in my own House; I was struck with Surprise to see my fallen Condition; and Anguish filled my Heart, when I saw the Load of Guilt which bowed down my Soul: I cannot express the Pain and Anguish I felt, for three Days successively, I could find no Enjoyment in any Thing, and,

and, I thought, my Pain and Distress of Soul was as great as if I had felt a Portion of Eternal Torments; but the third Day at Night, it pleased the Lord to take away the guilty Load, while I lay in Bed, restless and distressed; the Lord Jesus kindly came to my Deliverance, and spoke Pardon and Peace to my Soul; the Change was so sudden, that I was, as it were, confounded; I knew not what to say, or think; I knew, that I was full of Love, that my Pains and Anguish were all removed, and that I was willing, that Instant, to die; for I knew, that my Sins were pardoned, and that my God would receive me into his blessed Arms. Since this Time, I am enabled, by the Grace of my dear Redeemer, to stand; and I find, that I have many Enemies to encounter; but the greatest Enemy, and Troubler of my Peace, is this vain, foolish World; sometimes it almost overcomes me, and would draw my Heart from God, with its Delusions, and anxious Cares; but, blessed be God, who never leaves nor forsakes me, he calls me by the gentle Whispers of his Spirit, and says, *Whither wilt thou go? I have the Words of Eternal Life.*—I hope, I shall continue faithful,
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for me, that I may not be *cast away*: I remember the Charge which you gave me, to meet you at the Right-hand of the Majesty on high, which Words many Times prove a great Blessing to my poor Soul, to believe, that we shall meet in the Spirit, as there is no Likelihood of our meeting in the Flesh. Oh! my dear Sir, I often perceive the Want of your Company; but, I hope, you will grant me my Desire, which is, that you will pray for me, that I may hold out to the End; for it is a rough and thorny Road that we are walking in; but, I know, that the Lord will deliver us out of all our Troubles here below.

I am,

Your poor unworthy Child,

C—N—

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

My Dear and Reverend Sir,

Your poor unworthy Child, greatly desire, that you would be pleased to accept of these few Lines, with my Love to you and Family. I have been poorly these two Days past, but, blessed be God, I know, that *Christ* is my Saviour and Redeemer.

“And patiently I’ll wait awhile.

“Till he on me in Mercy smile.”

How often hath he delivered my Soul from Death, mine Eyes from Tears, and my Feet from falling, by seasonable Preservations! so that, I do yet walk before him in the Land of the Living: He hath rescued me from the Brink of many a Precipice, which, through Ignorance, I did not apprehend or fear. When I knew not which Way to turn, he hath made my Path plain; but how little do I love my dear Saviour, who hath done so much for my

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my Soul! for many a Time, I do not reprove Sin as I ought (more to my Shame) which makes me fear, that I am a Traitor to my God: But, blessed be his holy Name, that *he is ever near to those that love and fear him.* I remember a sweet Word, which dropped from your gracious Lips, which, I hope, will ever be impressed upon my Mind; "That it was a poor Day for a Saint, when he did not find the Love of God;" and, I am sure, if I do not enjoy this divine Love, it is through my Neglect, or the Deceitfulness of my wicked Heart. O my dear Reverend Sir, I am often afraid of my deceitful Heart, which makes me frequently cry to my blessed Saviour, to keep it for me.—I kept the Place, where you put me with the young Men, till the Middle of this last Summer, when they began to draw away; and then I went with the old Men, where I have been ever since: It is my Desire, never to draw back from those sweet Ordinances, which you have pointed out for us, when our blessed Saviour takes so much Delight to manifest himself to poor sinful Dust. Some of the young Men have spoke to me lately, which makes me believe, that we shall begin next *Friday*. May the Lord open their poor Eyes, that they

they may see their Danger, ere it be too late. *Amen.*—And now, my dear and Reverend Father, I entreat you to pray for me: And may our dear Redeemer bless you, with your Family, and prosper your Labours: May you have a double Portion of his blessed and holy Spirit, that you may be enabled to bring many poor Sinners to God; and that we, in *Newfoundland*, according to your blessed Desire, may meet you at the Right-hand of God; which, God of his infinite Mercy grant, may be all our happy Lots, through *Christ* our blessed Saviour. *Amen.*

Amen.
From your poor weak Child, till Death,

J—T—
LETTER

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L E T T E R XXII.

Carbonear, October 24, 1774.

Dear Brother, although I may rather say
Father in God,

I Received your Letter in the Summer, and likewise another, dated the 12th of April, and was glad to hear from you and Family. Blessed be God, that the Cause of the Wicked did not prevail against you: It gives me Comfort to hear, that the Lord doth still bless the Word you preach. May the Lord continue his Goodness to you, and make you and me faithful unto Death, that we may receive the Crown of Life. Dear Brother, I must let you know, that the Lord doth still continue his Goodness unto me, though a poor unworthy Creature; blessed be his most holy Name: Oh! that I could be more thankful for his Mercies towards me and my Family. I find my Heart, at Times, very deceitful; I see, that there is a Necessity, every Moment,

of looking unto God for Strength: I find him a very present Help in every Time of Needs: I find, at Times, that his Love is precious to my Soul, Glory be to his dear Name, and that, by Faith, I can lay hold of his blessed Promises; though, I must confess, I am an unworthy Creature, not deserving of the least of his Favours: I see, that there is a Necessity of watching unto Prayer, and of persevering unto the End: May the Lord give me Grace, that I may grow up in his Fulness, through Jesus Christ, my Redeemer. Amen. Dear Brother, you desired me to let you know, how we went on in our little Meetings: Blessed be God, we find, at Times, that his Love is present with us; although there are some that seem to draw back: I must mention some of them to you; poor R—— T——, I fear, is quite gone, and W—— C——; I have no Hopes of Mr. G——, very little of J—— B——; R—— P—— comes but very seldom; I am afraid of some others: But I know, that the Lord is able to keep them and me: Was it not through his assisting Grace, I should not stand one Moment: Oh! that the Lord may keep me. Dear Sir, do pray for me. Last Winter, we met twice a Week, this Summer once a Week;

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Week; and, I hope, we shall meet twice a Week again this Winter: But our dear Brother V. — is going from us, who is a great Strength to us; he is a faithful Servant, both to God and Man. Dear Mr. Coughlan, I have no Hopes of seeing you again in this World; but, I hope, we shall meet one Day around the Throne, to spend an endless Day. — All my Family is well. Betty remembers her Love and Duty to you, and Mrs. Coughlan, and please to accept of the same your dear Self, from your unworthy Brother in *Christ*.

LETTER

L E T T E R T O M R S . C O U G H L A N . XXIII.

London, *Bear's-Cave*, October 28, 1774.

Mr. COUGHLAN, I send you this by the hands of — — — — —
DEAR SIR,

I Was glad to hear from you, but should be much more glad to see you, as you are near to me in the Spirit, being my Spiritual Father: And as you desire to have a Letter from me, with an Account of my Experience, I shall endeavour to satisfy you: About three Years ago, I was convinced of my lost State; and I laboured near a Twelve-Month under the Lashes of my Conscience, till one Day, at Private Meeting, this Text came with Power to my Heart, *I will put my Spirit within you*; I was enabled to lay hold on the *Lord Jesus*, and praise the God of my Salvation; and, from that Time, I found my Burden removed. Afterwards, the Enemy of my Soul thrust fore at me; but the dear *Jesus* enabled me

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to withstand his Suggestions, and did shine on my Soul; and, blessed be his holy Name, he still doth keep me.—Dear Sir, I often long to hear you.—At Times, I find Hardness of Heart, and Wanderings from God; which I mourn over: Blessed be his holy Name, I find no Desire to draw back; I still find a Desire to press forward. Dear Sir, I hope, you will ever remember me; and if I never see you in the Flesh, I hope, I shall meet you, where Parting shall be no more. At Times, I find a Desire after Holiness of Heart, and to have my every Thought to be brought into Subjection to Christ.—I still go to our little Meetings, but I must confess not as I ought; I hope, I shall be more diligent for the Time to come. I still continue with Brother and Sister *W.*—Pray give my Love to Mrs. *Coughlan* and Miss *Betsy*, and please to receive the same from your unworthy Child.

LETTER

Dear Sir,
 I have the honor to receive your letter of the 26th inst. and am glad to hear that you are still in the same way of thinking. I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

LETTER XXIV.

Cloun's-Cave, October 26, 1774.

Dear Mr. *Coughlan*,
 SIR,

I Am about to write to you, but know not how to express the great Love and Duty I owe unto you, my dear Spiritual Father and Brother in Christ. Oh! how often do I wish, that I could see you: What a Cordial would it be to our Souls! but we are not worthy. Glory be to God's great Mercy for sending you a Messenger, to call us from Darkness into his marvellous Light, from the Kingdom of Satan, to the Kingdom of his dear Son.—Oh! what a stubborn, stiff-necked People were we, when you first came here; but, Glory be to God, you left some of us in a better Frame. O dear Sir, what a hard, heart-aking Thing it was to part with you; but we must be resigned to the Will of God: You left us under the Care of our great Shepherd, *Jesus Christ*; and, Glory be to his

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his holy Name, he hath kept some of us, although there are some Sheep that are gone astray; Oh! may the Lord gather them again into his Sheep-fold; and, Oh! dear Sir, I often fear, that it will soon be my own Case, as knowing, that my Heart is deceitful and desperately wicked; none knows it, but my God alone: Oh! how do I pray, that the Lord would discover unto me every Evil that lodgeth there: And I hope, that my wicked Heart will not deceive me; for it is my Desire to give up Soul and Body, all I have, am, and ever shall be, into his Hands: But I am ashamed of my little Love to him, "and his so great to me;" for though I am often cast down, and filled with Doubts and Fears, yet he often refreshes my Soul: Praise the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy Name; for I this Moment feel his Love warming my poor unworthy Heart: Oh! this Love, this Grace, so immense and free! for, O my Soul, it hath found out thee! Oh! may I always set with Mary at my Master's Feet: My dear Father, this is better felt than express'd. My dear Sir, I hope, that the Lord will enable me to stand *steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the Work of the Lord;* but I cannot do it myself;

myself; for I see, more and more, my Unworthiness, every Day; but I hope, that my dear Lord, who hath begun the Work in my Soul, will deepen it, and carry it on, and seal me to the Day of Redemption. Dear Sir, I hope, that you will pray for me, the weakest and unworthiest of all your Children: Glory be to God, that he carries on his Work in all our Womens Hearts also; I hope, that I can speak for them all. X Our little Meetings go on, and no one fails to come, in *Fresh-Water and Clowns*: Glory be to God for his great Love and Care over us, for he crowns our Meetings with his Presence. Oh! the great and unspeakable Goodness of God to such poor Worms as we! Oh! that we could love him more, and serve him better; and praise his holy Name. O dear Sir, though you are absent in Body, you, and our dear Sister, Mrs. Coughlan, are present with us at the Throne of Grace: And if we never see you more in the Flesh, may the Lord prepare us all to meet you at our Father's House, as you charged us at your Departure, which Charge often quickens, and stirs us up. Oh! what great Things has God done for Mr. P—, since you went away; and, I hope, he will do greater Things yet; I hope, that
Mr.

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Mr. P—— will be God's Instrument to keep his Children, poor distressed Children, in a barren Wilderness, from going astray: But the more distressed, the louder we must cry; and I hope, that the Lord will supply our every Want, out of the free Riches of his Grace. May God, of his infinite Mercy, grant, that we may hold out unto the End, that when Christ, who is our Life, shall appear, we may also appear with him in Glory. Amen.

I am, dear Sir,

Although the weakest and unworthiest

of all your Children,

Your sincere Daughter,

In Christ our Lord;

P—— P——

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Harbour Grace, January 12, 1775.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Wrote to you by several Conveyances, and gladly embrace the present Opportunity, to acquaint you of our Proceedings, as, I know, you often bear us on your Heart before the Mercy Seat. I am the 1st ult. we constantly attended our little Meetings, and W—— H——'s preaching on Sundays, and expounding on Wednesday Nights, where our dear Redeemer gives Food abundantly. The Lord put it in our Hearts to celebrate the last Christmas-Day, in such a Manner as we never did heretofore: We assembled at Y—— P——'s, at five o'Clock in the Morning, sung praises, and prayed, and exhorted, and every Heart rejoiced in our Christ; we continued thus, till eight o'Clock, had Prayers again at ten, and three in the Afternoon, and our dear Lord continued present all the Day;

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at Night, we had a Love-Feast at S—— (formerly your House) and such a blessed Meeting we never saw: O Sir, it is impossible for me to express what I (and not only I, but every Soul present) felt on the Occasion; such Love, Joy, and Awe, as appeared on every Countenance, is inexpressible; but when we began to sing, such Meltings of Soul! such Overflowings of heart-felt Comfort lifted our Souls above this World, on singing these Words, *Christ hath burst the Bonds of Death; We his quick'ning Spirit breathe.* Our poor S—— was sat at Liberty; we could not proceed, Tears of holy Joy gave Vent to the Overflowings of our Hearts: I have since spoke with most of our Friends separately, and they affirmed, that they never were so powerfully influenced: O my dear Mr. Coughlan, when I reflect on my many Omissions, Backslidings; and Short-comings, how vile do I see and feel myself; and yet my blessed Jesus continually comforts and refreshes me: Lord, make me humble; Lord, make me thankful; and strengthen me, that I may never bring a Scandal on thy holy Religion.

Religion.—I drew out some Rules for our outward Walk, and Government in our Society; and, on *New-Year's Day*, we all, I hope, sincerely covenanted with God, and each other, to abide by them; if any Person offends, and is not reconciled by Repentance, they are to be read out of the Society: Thus our Lord, by his Grace, has, I trust, been at work on our Hearts, to bring us to Order and to offer Communion with our God, and each other.—I could wish, all who frequented our Meetings, under your Ministry, had continued with us, and been blessed as we were; but, alas! some have been ashamed of us. Poor J—— P——, H—— S——, and his Wife, and F—— S——, are entirely gone off from us; but we adore our blessed Lord, that those who remain are daily strengthened, and *building each other up in their most holy Faith.*—Last Sunday, W—— preached from *Prov. vii. 33—35*, which he performed in such a Manner, that I should have been glad, that some of our modern, fine witty Gentlemen had been present. How doth God, in his Wisdom, make use of the *Weak and Foolish to confound the Wise and Mighty.*—Poor B—— H—— was delivered of a dead Child, a few Days ago, and was almost

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most despaired of; in her weaker Moments, she gave her Hearers Cause to praise God in her Behalf, she being filled with Faith and Love. Thus, my dear Mr. Coughlan, you see, that your Labour has not been in vain in the Lord; go on; declaring his great Love to Sinners; and may you still continue, in your Master's Name, to call, and may poor Sinners obey the glad Summons, till you faithfully finish the Work he has given you to do.

I am,

Your affectionate Son and Brother,

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

Carbonear, Newfoundland, Oct. 19, 1774.

REVEREND and DEAR SIR,

I Thought it my Duty to acquaint you with the Dealings of God with my Soul, being confident, that you will rejoice to hear how good my dear Jesus to my Soul has been: Blessed be his holy Name, I can, with holy Reverence, say, Whom have I in Heaven but him, and there is none upon Earth that I desire besides him, who daily visiteth me with his Love; notwithstanding, my dear Sir, I cannot express how unworthy I see myself of the least Mercy or Favour, seeing I am still a poor, barren, unprofitable Servant, who have not spent one Moment to his Glory: Oh! how little Love do I find for him, who poured out his Blood for me; and yet my dear Jesus loves me. Even this Night I can say, I have found him whom my Soul loveth. And, my dear Sir, although you are absent from me, I beseech you to remember me at the Throne

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of Grace, a poor, unworthy, trifling
Worm; this, I trust, you have done;
and, I am persuaded, you will not forget
me, that if I should never more see you
in the Flesh, I might meet you at God's
Right-Hand. My humble Respects to
Mrs. *Coughlan*, and I am,

Your unworthy Son in the Gospel,

J — F —

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

Harbour-Grace, November 4, 1774.

DEAR Mr. *COUGHLAN*,

I Was rejoiced to hear, last Spring, of
your Welfare, and that you were out
of the Reach of your Enemies; but was
truly concerned, when I found, that you
was no more to return to this Land. I
am sure, I may say, that I stand in Need
of your godly Admonitions and Instruc-
tions, as much as any Person whatsoever;
and though the Fruit of your Labour did
not appear in me, yet, I hope, it will yet
spring up; Oh! that it may become a
great Tree.—This I can say, that my one
Desire is to serve God and do his Will:
I know, that I must be *born again*; but,
I think, that I do not feel my great De-
pravity by Nature, although I see it very
clearly. My Life has been regular, there-
fore the Guilt of Sin does not lie so heavy
upon me as it otherwise might.—I hope,
you will remember me in your Prayers;

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pray

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pray, that *Jesus* would send the Comforter, to convince me feelingly of Sin, of Unbelief, of inbred Corruption; that I may not only see, but feel my lost Condition, both by Nature and Practice: For though I have not many Sins of Commission to accuse myself with, yet I must certainly have many Sins of Omission lying heavy on my Soul, notwithstanding, I am not truly sensible of their Weight. I again request an Interest in your Prayers; look upon me as one of your Children in *Christ Jesus*; for, I trust, that the Seed which you have sown will yet appear; my God can do a great Work in a short Time.—My Love and best Respects to dear Mrs. *Coughlan*, and Miss *Betsy*.—*Betty* also desires particularly to be remembered to Mrs. *Coughlan*. Though it is not likely that we shall any more meet on Earth, yet, I trust, we shall all, in Concert, meet to sing Praises to God, and the Lamb, for ever and ever: That this may be our happy Lot is the Prayer of,
Dear Sir,

Your real Friend,

W — P —, Jun.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

My very dear and Reverend Sir,

I Could not let this Opportunity slip, without writing you a Line or two, letting you know, that I am your loving, though undutiful Son, and that the Lord doth continue to bestow his divine Favours upon my Soul, that I am filled with Love and Gratitude to him, and, next to him, my Love abounds to you-ward; you, who have done, under Almighty God, so much for unworthy, hell-deserving me: Surely, I can never forget you, my Spiritual Father in the Lord, who have travelled in Birth for my Soul. Oh! what a sad, lamentable Thing is it, to lose such a watchful Shepherd as you was ever my Soul; but God's Will must be done: We hear, that the Lord is doing great Things for you at Home, which gives us some Comfort. Pray, dear Sir, never forget your poor Flock in this Part of the World; but put up Supplications, with mighty Wrestlings, for us, that we may persevere to the End,
O 3 and,

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and, as there is no Likelihood to meet you in this World, that we may meet you in the next, where Parting shall be no more. I am filled with Love and Desires for your Welfare. May the Lord bless you with every Blessing. You know, what a poor Talent I have; but, be assured, my Heart is fuller than I can express. We were right glad, and humbled, when we heard your Letters read to us at Spring. We bless God, that the Lord is still our Shepherd, and cares for us, and blesses the Ordinances to our Souls; Oh! that we may be faithful ever. My Wife joins with equal Love to you, and Mrs. *Coughlan*.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours in *Christ*,

J— B—

LETTER

L E T T E R XXIX.

Carbonear, October 22, 1774.

REVEREND SIR,

HAVING this Opportunity, I accept of it, trusting in the Lord, that these few Lines will find you and your Family in good Health, as I and my Family are at present; Glory be to his holy Name for this, and for every other Mercy and Favour that he bestows upon me, a poor unworthy Creature: Yet, notwithstanding my Unworthiness, he fills my poor Heart with his precious Love; gives me Joy and Comfort, and enables me, through Grace, to forsake all, and follow *Jesus Christ*. Blessed be the Lord, he hath given me Power, in some Measure, over many Evils; as hasty Anger, evil Company, Covetousness, Pleasure-taking; and, blessed be his holy Name, he enables me to hate every evil Way; but still I find my Heart very unthankful, I cannot thank my dear Lord as I desire; nevertheless, I find him to be a very present Help in every
Time

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Time of Need; when Temptations and Trials arise, I look to the Lord, and he delivers me out of them all, and fills my poor Heart with his precious Love; and the more Love the dear *Jesus* gives me, the more I desire it; and this is the Way that the Lord hath lead me in ever since you left us. My poor Heart would rejoice to see you; but since that cannot be in this Life, I desire the Prayers of your Church, that the Lord would enable me to *ask, seek, knock, and strive*, till I enter in at the *strait Gate*, and walk in that narrow Way that leadeth to everlasting Happiness, and at last meet you in Glory; which God, of his infinite Mercy, grant may be my happy Lot, Amen and Amen.

I am, &c.

R—A—

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

Carbonear, October 24, 1774.

My very dear Mr. Coughlan,

THIS comes with my kind Love to you, and dear Mrs. *Coughlan*, and *Betsy*, and, I hope, it will find you attended with every Blessing, as, blessed be our Lord, we are at present. O my dear Father, how can I express the Emotions of my Heart for you! I cannot express them: What earthly Friend have I, that lays so near my Heart as dear Mr. *Coughlan*, whom God hath made an Instrument of bringing such a poor, ignorant, blind Sinner as I am, to the Knowledge of *Christ's* Redeeming Love; and put us in the Way to call upon so merciful a God, whom we before knew not, but now we know, that he is a God that heareth Prayer, and that pardoneth Iniquity, Transgression, and Sin: For ever be adored, O blessed Redeemer!—It was Matter of great Grief and Sorrow, when we heard, that you was not coming to us again; but the Will of God

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God must be done: And may the Lord make us more thankful for the signal Favours he hath bestowed upon us; and me as one, when Numbers of better Principles have also heard the Gospel preached, as often as I have, and yet remain hardened; that he should pass by me, and permit me to live is a Miracle. May God, of his infinite Mercy and Grace, Free-Grace, make me ever thankful, ever steadfast, and immovable. The Lord is with us at Times, in our Ordinances, of a Truth, and you most Times in our Hearts and Minds. I must conclude with my kind Love to you all, and am, my dear and Reverend Sir,

Yours, in Christ,

J—T—

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

Carbonear, November 3, 1774.

MY DEAR SIR,

I Take this Opportunity, to write a few Lines to you, hoping, that they will find you in good Health, as, I bless the Lord, I and mine are at present: Thanks be to his dear and holy Name for sparing such an unworthy Creature as I am; for, Lord, thou knowest, that I have backsliden from thee. It is my daily Prayer, that the Lord would *heal my Backslidings, and love me freely*; that he would cleanse me from all Evil, and wash my Heart with his most precious Blood; that he would root out all Evil, that would hinder the free Course of his blessed Spirit to my Heart. I find a great Need of *watching unto Prayer: Lord Jesus, give me Grace, that I may always watch and pray, lest I enter into Temptation*, that so I may be guarded against the Temptations of this World, the Flesh, and the Devil. Oh! I find, it is a hard Thing to live near

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near to the Lord, when once fallen; but I find, that the Lord is giving me fresh Desires to follow after him: I pray, that the Lord may give me Grace, that I may never more turn back from him; and that he would carry on his Work, and deepen it in my Soul. I am jealous over my Heart, lest I should offend my dear *Jesus* in Thought, Word and Deed; for I know, that I must give an Account at the Great Day. Oh! it is my Prayer; that the blessed *Jesus* would search me, and try me; that he would set my Heart aright towards him; that he would create in me a new Heart, and renew a true right Christian Spirit within me: Lord, give me Grace, that I may hold out unto the End. I find great strengthening in the little Meetings; I am sure, that I shall never, by the Grace of the Lord, turn back from them. He who is my bosom Friend doth not go to the little Meetings; but it is my Prayer to the Lord *Jesus*, to turn his Heart, that he may go: O my dear Mr. *Coughlan*, I fear, I shall see you no more here: Be pleased to send us a few Lines to stir us both up. My Love to Mrs. *Coughlan*, and Miss *Betsy*.

From your loving Child,

A — T —

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXII.

October 20, 1774

DEAR SIR,

YOUR Desire I readily comply with, in relating to you what *Jesus* has done, and is yet doing, for my Soul; and Oh! that it could be engraven with an Iron Pen: Indeed, it is utterly impossible to write or relate his Goodness to my Soul; I daily find his Spirit bearing witness that *I am his*, and am indeed assured, that *he is mine*; even while these Lines are writing, I feel *Jesus* Pardon and Love on my Soul therefore, O my dear Sir, help me to praise the Lord for these his unspeakable Mercies; for I am lost in Wonder, Love, and Praise: And, O my dear Sir, I would now desire to love, praise and adore my dear *Jesus* for these Mercies received; and, I humbly hope, that he will give me Faith and Patience, to rely on him for Mercy and Strength, for the Time to come.

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come. My Desire is, as I cannot expect to see you again in the Flesh, that I may see you rejoicing at God's Right-Hand. And, while I remain in the Body, may I ever be thanking God for his Providence, in sending you, his Messenger, to call me from Darkness into his marvellous Light, and, through your Labours, to be willing in the Day of his Power. And, O Sir, pray for me, that I may spend the Residue of my Days to his Glory, who suffered, who bled, who died, for my Sins, who ransomed me from Hell, for which he became a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with many Grievs; to whom be all Glory, both now and evermore. Amen.

From your unworthy Daughter,

in the Gospel,

M— F—

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

Carbonear, Lord's-Day Evening, December 4, 1774.

My very Dear Pastor, my Dear Spiritual Father,

I Could not let this Opportunity slip, without sending my Love, in a few Lines, to acquaint you, that our dear Jesus is still with us: And although here and there one proves a Traitor, yet Christ's little Flock here will stand. There have, within this Month past, been trying Seasons to my Soul; yea, it has been a sifting Time; but Glory be to him, who shall make all Things work together for the Good of his Church, and, by these Means, shew us the soil: Wheat: Although it is a great Trouble to have rotten Members, yet it is some Comfort to know them.—This is the fourth Sabbath that the Lord hath enabled me to make my own Sermons, and assisted me to speak also, which hath procured me many

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Enemies:

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Enemies: But Glory to *Jesus*, who supports us under all, and makes us to deal faithfully to their Souls, notwithstanding their bitter Enmity; but the more they rage, the more we are comforted, that we are doing the Master's Will. May the *Lord Jesus* enable us to be true to the Cause, and sooner let us die than flinch from our Colours. My greatest Enemies are those that once professed and owned a crucified Saviour, but now they are Apostates: Oh! how cutting are these Things; and how doth it make me tremble for them: How unhappy must their State be, who *draw back unto Perdition!* I fear, some are so far gone, as not to be reclaimed. O my blessed *Jesus*, we wait for thy Salvation; it is by thy Grace, that I have hitherto stood: Oh! let thy Grace, be sufficient for me, and keep me to the End: O my Soul; watch, and come not thou into their snare. *N— K—* and *H— C—* are very blasphemous Enemies, as also some others, though not so openly as *N—*. Last Sunday Seven-night, my Text being, *The Wicked shall be turned into Hell, &c.* and the Lord enabling me to apply it pretty home, in the Application (for they had lately been at a Hurling Match, &c.) they could not bear

bear it: *M—* threatened, if I went on a little farther, he would haul me by the Nose out of the Church, calling me, as I heard afterwards, by opprobrious Names; and *H— P—* expressed himself very indecently: This is the sad Work of the Devil going on amongst us; but, I hope, the Master will support us in every trying Season. *R— M—* and *J— M—* have forsaken our little Meetings: My dear Sir, this will give you great Trouble, as it doth me; but what shall we say to it; the Lord make us faithful, and clear of their Blood. This is the *Lord's-Day* Evening, and we are just come from Church; and a *Day of fat Things* it hath been to mine, and to many Souls, as they have told me. Mr. *H—*, Mr. *B—*, *R— B—*, Mr. *T—*, *J— P—*, and the dear Women who hold on their Way bravely, were all at our House, where we had a happy Meeting; and, be assured, my dear Father, our dear *Immanuel* manifested himself to every individual Soul of us; Oh! how full were our Cups! And, when we began to mention, and bring our dear Father upon our Hearts, in Supplication to the Throne of Grace, Oh! how assured were we, that the dear *Jesus* heard

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our Prayer for you! He manifested himself in the Midst of us, and shed abroad his Love in all our Hearts: It was such a mighty Out-pouring as some could scarcely contain: Glory be to our great High Priest, *who ever liveth to make Intercession for poor Worms;* this hath been a Day, much to be remembered: *Praise the Lord, O my Soul; and all that is within us, praise the Lord, while I live, will I praise him; for he is the Light of my Countenance, and my God.* O my dear Sir, excuse me, for I cannot, I know not how to express my Gratitude and Love; Oh! that I had a thousand Lives to lose for the ever-blessed; lovely; altogether adorable *Jesus.* Our dear Friends, who joined me this Evening, at our House; are, with great Reluctance, just gone home; Oh! how loath are we to part, when, meeting together, we taste the heavenly Love: The Lord bless you, and fill you daily with it; for the more we have, the more, I hope, we shall crave still; till, at last, we shall be swallowed up in his Fulness of Love, when we shall meet, never to part more. My dear Sir, it is not all bad News, which I have to send you, for, since I wrote to you *per* dear Brother *V—*; I have great Hopes, that the bless-
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ed *Jesus* hath added another to *Carbonear* Church, which is a Young Gentleman, I believe, from *London*; and a Store-keeper, to Mr. *D—*, I have great Hopes, is converted. Mrs. *B—*, and *T—*, the Carpenter, are very humble Souls, filled with Love, the best blessed Mark of a converted Soul. All our dear Friends are well; and beg, that you will accept of their kind Love and Duty: Please to accept also all our kind Loves to our very dear Mrs. *Coughlan*, and *Betsy*. Oh! how glad would all your Children be to see you once more; but this Happiness we have but little Hopes of in this Life. May all our Hearts be directed unto the Love of God, and into the patient waiting for *Christ*; and then we shall meet, never to separate; then, then, shall we see him as he is, and be satisfied with his Fulness. Our dear Friends at *Harbour-Grace* keep up their little Meetings, &c. I pray you, and all our dear spiritual Friends, to pray earnestly for us, that we may go cheerfully through the Wilderness, and meet them, with open Arms, in that blessed Land of *Canaan*. I should be glad, that you would tender my kind Love to the Sisters; I often think on them; and do bear them on my Heart: Pray tell them, what

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what the Lord, through your Ministry, has done for such a Sinner as I: Oh! that I could ever have my Eye and Heart fixed on him, whom I have pierced, and ever mourn my sad base Ingratitude. Dear Sir, the Vessel is upon sailing; I must therefore conclude, wishing and praying for every Blessing compatible with your Happiness, in this, and the blessed World to come.

I remain,

Your dutiful Son and Brother,

in the crucified blessed Jesus,

T—P—

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

REVEREND SIR,

I Am a poor unthankful Creature; *in me dwelleth no good Thing*, and, without the Free-Grace of God, I find, that I have no Desire to do any good Thing; *but when I am weak, then God is strong*: I do not seem worthy to take his holy Name within my Lips; but he has *Mercy on whom he will have Mercy*: Blessed be his Name, although the dark Clouds pass about me, yet I find our Lord in the Midst of these Storms and Tempests; I find the Lord of Life and Glory in my Soul. *The World bates me*, and lays many Things to my Charge, which they cannot prove; but the greatest Enemies to the Cause of *Christ* are those that used to go to the House of God, and even to the Table of our dear Lord and Saviour: I hope, that the Lord will take away our Deadness and Coldness, and *the Sins which do so easily beset us, that we may run the Race with Patience that is set before us*. I find a great Need of daily pressing forward. O my dear Sir, I want more

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more Humility; I am afraid of my own Heart, I am sure that I have a deceitful one: Often would my Soul fly away, and be at Rest; but my Heart is a Clog to bind it to this Earth, although I cannot behold any Thing here; but *Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit.* Oh! I want Patience to dwell with me, while I am in this Wilderness; for sometimes Faith is small, and Unbelief seems to come in Doubts and Fears. I am afraid, that I am like the unprofitable Servant, or like the Man with one Talent. I find in me a great Deadness and Dryness: In myself, I am a poor helpless Creature; but in the Lord my Help is found. O my dear Father, we never knew the Want of a Shepherd, to feed God's little Flock, until you was taken from us, but now, I am sure, they that know the Lord here know the Want of a Shepherd.—Sir, I have sent you a few small Fish, and three Bottles of Juniper Berries, for you and Mrs. Coughlan, and Miss Belsey.—I am still poor in this World's Riches, and unworthy of any Thing from God; but, I know, that the Lord Jesus loves my Soul; by the Free-Grace which he sheds abroad in my Heart; and I know, that I love my Saviour; but I know, that he

loved

loved me first; for while I was the chiefest of Sinners, he died for me, to redeem my Soul from the lowest Hell. O dear Sir, I am not able to tell, or express, how much I am beholden to God's rich Free-Grace; but I am unthankful; O my dear Redeemer, do thou make, in thy unthankful Child, a thankful Heart. O my dear Father, shall I ever see you again in this World? I am poor and weak in my Soul, and if the Lord should leave me, I should sink into the Depths of Misery again; but the Lord hath promised, never to leave me, nor forsake me; though sometimes I am ready to fear, that I should forsake him, through Unbelief and the Deceitfulness of my own Heart; and that makes me pray to Jesus Christ, that he would draw me unto him: I find, his Rod good to chastise me, and his blessed Promises to comfort me. Our greatest Builder in our Meeting, Mr. V——, is going from us this Winter; but I hope, that the Lord will send him to us again, or you, our dear Father; although I am afraid, we shall never see you in this Land, notwithstanding there be Changes in the Right-Hand of the Most High; the Will of the Lord must be done; for we

are not our own, for our Lord hath bought

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us *with a Price*, even such a vile Sinner as I have been: And I am still a backsliding Creature, a vile Creature, full of inbred Sin; but I am but a Sinner, and, blessed be the holy Name of my Redeemer, I know, that he hath died for my Sins, although I have many Doubts and Fears, and Suggestions from *Satan*, which waylay me, and oftentimes rob me of that Peace and Comfort which I should take in my Saviour. Dear Sir, remember my kind Love to all my Brethren unknown; tell them, that I am poor, and beg them to send me over one Book for my daily Use. I have three of my little Children still with me. I am ashamed, that I have Nothing more to send; but please to accept of my little Fish and Berries, which I am sure you will.

I remain,

Your unworthy Child in the Lord,

D—O—

P. S. Sir, I thank you for the good Books you sent us.

The

The following are some choice Sentiments, extracted from the Writings of a very eminent Divine, grounded upon *Gal. ii. 20*.

I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.

I Live, and I live not. The Life which I live is not of Nature, but of Grace, not of myself but of Christ: In respect of the Rule which guides my Life, though I live in the Flesh, yet I live not after the Flesh, I am not led by my Lusts, but by the Spirit of Christ, I live not after my own Fancy, but according to the Will of Christ, in respect of the *Means* by which I live, I live not by the *Chaff* of human Traditions, Self-Devices, carnal Doctrines, and Inventions of Men, or superstitious Observations, but I live by the Wheat of Christ's Doctrine, the *sincere Milk* of God's Word; this is the Staff and Stay.

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Stay of my Life. In respect of the *End* or Term to which I live, I live not to myself, I seek not, I exalt not, I magnify not myself, I propose not mine own Ends; but I live to Christ, I intend, propose, and exalt Christ, I strive to be all that I am unto Christ: In respect of the *Opinion*, and Apprehension which I have of myself, I live not as mine own Lord and Master, but I carry myself as a crucified Man, suffering Nothing in me to exalt itself against Christ; but I prostrate all at the Feet of Christ, I make all to vail and bow to Christ, that Christ may live and reign in me, look upon myself as the Chief of Sinners, and the basest of Creatures, as unworthy of the least of Christ's Mercies, I deny myself, I allow no Place within me, to my own Wisdom and Reason, to my own Will and Affections, my own Fancy and Desires; I look on these as empty Lamps which have no Light, as on false Guides and treacherous Friends, that have no Truth: I handle these as Traitors, that conspire against the Welfare of my Soul: I trample and tread these under Foot, as Enemies to my Peace: I silence these, and will not hear them speak, I suppress these, and will not suffer them to reign, I mortify these,
and

and will not suffer them to live; and thus I live, and live not, hence we learn,
That he who liveth the Life of Grace, and true Holiness, doth wholly deny himself, his own Ends, Counsels, and Affections, and altogether prostrates himself and all that is his under Christ Jesus: He puts himself and all that he hath under Christ, he employs himself and all that he hath for Christ, in all that he doth he chiefly minds and intends. Christ: In *Joseph's Vision* the *Sun, Moon, and Eleven Stars*, these celestial Creatures did Obedience unto him, and all the Sheaves in the Field vailed unto his Sheaf; in the Soul, Life, Way, and Work of a regenerate Man, all the supernatural Gifts and Graces, all the moral Abilities, and Endowments, and all the natural Powers and Faculties of the Soul, with all the Members of the Body, all the Labours of the Life, and whatsoever else do Obedience unto Christ, are made subject and serviceable unto Christ: True Christians are termed by the Apostle, *a living Sacrifice*. The Sacrifice under the Law was no more his that offered it, but the Lord's, and wholly to be spent in the Service of the Lord; the Christian who offers himself unto God under the Gospel, is no more his own, but the Lord's, to be
 Q 2 employed.

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employed wholly in the Service of the Lord; this our Saviour lays down as a necessary Duty, and setteth it forth as a clear and lively Character of a true Disciple, and sincere Christian: *If any Man (saith he) will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his Cross and follow me:* If any Man will come after me, as a *Scholar* after his Teacher, receiving my Instruction; as a *Sheep* after his Shepherd, feeding in my Pastures; as a *Soldier* after his Captain, fighting my Battles; as a *Subject* after his Sovereign, obeying my Commandments; as a *Bride* after her Bridegroom, making me the complete Object of his Love, and embracing me as the Husband of his Soul; if any Man will come after me, in the *Knowledge* of my Will, in the *Belief* of my Promises, in the *Love* of my Truth, and in the *Obedience* of my Precepts, *Let him deny himself*, let him lay aside his own *Wisdom* as an empty Lamp, his own *Will* as an evil Commander, his own *Imagination* as a false Rule, his own *Affections* as corrupt Counsellors, and his own *Ends* as base and unworthy Marks to be aimed at; let him deny himself whatsoever is of himself, within himself, or belonging to himself, as a corrupt and carnal Man; let him go out

out of himself, that he may come to me; let him empty himself of himself, that he may be capable of me, that I may reign and rule within him, that he may wholly subject himself to me and my Service; there is no true following of Christ and his Example, no thorough Subjection to Christ and his Precepts, without the Denial of ourselves and our Affections, without the Rejection of our own Ends and Counsels; this the Apostle styles *a living not unto ourselves, but unto him that died for us*; not to live unto ourselves, by following our own Imaginations, not to serve our own Lusts and Affections, not to terminate ourselves within ourselves, by seeking our own Applause and Profit, by making ourselves the Lords and Masters of our Service, serving ourselves, and not the Lord Jesus; but to live to Christ, to do all in Love and Obedience: unto Christ, to refer all to the Praise and Glory of Christ: It is a very base and carnal Service which doth not primarily intend the Lord Jesus; surely he is far from the Life of Christ, that doth not live to Christ; that Man's Life is of a base, corrupt, and earthly Original, the Energy, Operation, and Intendment of whose living is not to exalt and make

Q 3. Christ.

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Christ glorious; he alone truly understands the End of Christ's Death, that makes Christ's Glory the End of his Life; and thus runs the Charge of the Apostle to the Romans, *Yield yourselves unto God as those that are alive from the Dead, and your Members as Instruments of Righteousness unto God.* Yield yourselves to God, as *Soldiers* to their Captain, as *Servants* to their Master, to fight for God, to work for God, to do all for God's Glory; let every Faculty of the Soul, and Member of the Body, even whatsoever belongs unto you be dedicated unto God, and employed in the Work and Service of God; that Service which is not universal is hypocritical; he alone is a perfect Servant, that puts the whole Man upon the Service of the Lord, as all the Rivers *come from the Sea*, and return, *and empty themselves into the Sea*: Thus must we return to God, and empty ourselves, and all that we have into God, prostrate it all under God's Feet, and put it all upon the Service of the Lord; as *Moses left not a Hoof behind him in Egypt*, but carried all out, that he might sacrifice to the Lord of whatsoever the Lord would have; thus, we must not leave a Hoof of our Hearts, Thoughts, Loves, Desires behind us upon

on Sin, and the World, but take of all, and sacrifice all to God, and his Service; we must with the Baptist be willing to *decrease* that Christ may increase, to become vile, and of no Esteem with Men, that Christ may be exalted; we must with the Macedonians, *give ourselves to the Lord*. We must give our *Understandings* to know God, our *Wills* to choose God, our *Imaginations* to think upon God, our *Memories* to remember God, our *Affections* to fear, trust, love, and rejoice in God, our *Ears* to hear God's Word, our *Tongues* to speak God's Praise, our *Hands* to work for God, and all our Substance to the Honour of God.

And a holy and gracious Christian doth thus live to Christ, and put himself and all that he hath under Christ.

1. In regard of that *Carnality, Vanity, Baseness, Earthliness, Unworthiness, Corruption, and Uncleaness, which he sees, and feels in his own Flesh, in his own Affections, Ends, and Counsels*: He sees there is an Emptiness in himself, that his own Flesh is an *empty House*, wherein dwelleth no Good, and wherein is no sufficiency to the Performance of any good Duty; he sees that his own Heart is a City full of Treason,

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son, *deceitful above Measure*, and not to be trusted; he feels a Law in his Members *rebelling* against the Law of his Mind, as *Rebecca* felt the Twins in her Womb striving the one against the other; he discerns that his own Wisdom is foolish, an empty Lamp, a blear Eye, a false Light; he discerns that he is brutish, and hath not the *Knowledge of the Holy*; he sees much Uncleaness within himself, many Spots in his Soul; he sees that he is like *Jacob's* Flock, spotty coloured; like *Noah's* Ark, wherein are many unclean Beasts among the clean; like the Field in the Parable, wherein are many Tares among the Wheat; he sees how he is yet in part *carnal*, and sold under Sin, not fully freed and discharged from the Strength and working of Sin; he discerns an unhappy Proneness in his Heart, to consult with Flesh and Blood, and to propose by, and sinister, low, and base Ends; and having the Sight, Sense, and sorrowful Experience of all this; he denies himself, as *Jacob* having Experience of the *Deceitfulness of Laban*, grew weary of him, denied him his Service, and went forth from him. Thus a gracious Man, having Experience of the Corruption and Deceitfulness of his own Heart and Flesh,

grows

grows weary of himself, denies himself, goes out of himself, cometh unto Christ, and puts himself wholly under Christ; and as the Evangelist said of Christ, that *knowing what was in Man, he would not commit himself unto Man*; so sanctified Man knowing what is in himself, he will not commit himself unto himself, he will not trust himself with himself, he denies his own Wisdom, he becomes a *Fool* in his own Apprehension, and seeks to Christ to be made wise unto Salvation; he looks upon his own Righteousness, as *rotten Rags*, and comes to Christ for Justification; he considers his own Weakness, and comes to Christ as the *Gibeonites* came to *Joshua*, to rescue him from his Enemies, he is experienced in the Vanity of all other Helpers; and therefore comes to Christ, as the diseased Woman, whom the Physicians could not cure, that Christ may heal his spiritual Maladies; and the more clearly he discerns the Carnality and Baseness of his own Heart, the greater Progress he will make in the Divine Life. He that knows how subject he is to miscarry when he leans upon himself, will readily put himself and all that he hath under Christ.

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2. In regard of the *holy, strong, and constant Bent, and Inclination of the Heart of a gracious Christian unto Christ*: As every Thing moves towards its proper Centre, and is at no rest until it comes to that: So doth the sanctified Soul incline and move to Christ, the true Centre of the Soul, and resteth not until it comes to Christ, and hath the Fruition of Christ; there is in a gracious Soul such a Principle of Grace, such a Communication of Christ, such a Suitableness between the Soul and Christ, such a fervent and operative Love towards Christ, such a vehement Longing after Christ, that it mightily moves to Christ as the Rivers to the Sea; that Nothing but Christ can answer it, quiet and content it; there is in the Soul such a blessed Residence, such a powerful and gracious Energy, and Operation of the Spirit of Christ, that as the *Wheels* in *Ezekiel's* Vision moved, where-soever the living Creatures moved, because the *Spirit* of the living Creatures was in the *Wheels*: So the Soul moves after Christ, because the Spirit of Christ is in the Soul; this makes it *pant* after Christ, as the Hart after the Water Brooks; this makes it *thirst* for Christ, as the dry Ground for Waters; this makes it

it follow hard after Christ, as the Child with Cries and Tears after the Father going from it; this makes it cry for Christ, as sometimes *Rachel* did for Children, *O give me Christ or else I die*; and as *David* thirsted, and his Worthies burst through the Army of the *Philistines* for Water out of the Wells of *Bethel*: So the Soul thirsting for Christ, breaks through all the Armies of Opposition to come to Christ, to refresh itself with Christ; now it denieth all; leaveth all, passeth through all, prostrateth itself and all that it hath under Christ, that it may enjoy Christ; it hates all that hinders its coming to Christ, and embraceth all that may further its Communion with Christ; Suitableness between the Soul and Christ, readily denies and rejects all that hinders the Fruition of Christ.

3. In regard to the Vanity and Nothingness which a gracious Man discerns in himself, and in all Things else without and beside Christ; he looks upon himself as on *Dust and Ashes*; he is vile in his own Apprehension, as a *Worm* and no Man; he humbles and abhors himself, even as *below the Dust and Ashes*; he looks on all other Things as *Dung and Dross*, and a Thing of *nought* in comparison of Christ;

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Christ; he reposes all Things in respect of Christ, as *Jotham* did *Abimelech* in respect of the Sons of *Jerubbaal*; but as a Bramble in respect of the Vise, Fig-Tree, and Olive-Tree; and having such a low Opinion of himself, and all Things else; he readily denies himself and all Things else, and makes all to vail and stoop to Christ; with *Simon* and *Andrew*, who were ready to leave their Nets, their Ship, and their Father, to deny their Possessions, and their Friends, and to put all under Christ, he also is willing to leave whatsoever is most profitable and dear according to the Flesh, for Christ's Sake, and with *Paul* to esteem his very *Life as Nothing*, that he may glorify Christ, and finish Christ's Work: The more any Man doth undervalue himself, and the Creature, the more he exalteth Christ, the more freely, fully, and readily he prostrates all at the Feet of Christ.

4. In regard of the *holy, powerful, and universal Reign, Rule and Dominion of Christ in a gracious and sanctified Soul*: Here Christ reigns as a King in his Throne, as *Solomon* reigned over the Land of *Canaan* from Sea to Sea, and from the River to the Ends of the Earth: So doth Christ reign in a regenerate and gracious Soul,

Soul, from the highest to the lowest Faculty thereof, and from the Head to the Feet, and from the highest to the lowest Understanding of a Christian: Here Christ reigns as a *Dweller* in his House; the Dweller rules over all the Rooms, Members, and Goods of his House, and disposeth all to his Service; Christ rules over all the Faculties of the Soul, Members of the Body, and disposeth all the Endowments and Doings of a Christian to his own Service, and for his own Honour: Here Christ rules as the *Head* over the Body, acting, moving, guiding, and framing the whole Man, to a holy, humble, and free Subjection: Here Christ reigns as a *Centurion* in his Army, and as the Servants of the Centurion did go and come at his Command, and do whatsoever he bad them: Thus all the Faculties of the Soul, and Members of the Body of a true Christian, are at the Command of Christ, receiving their Direction and Commission from Christ, doing every Thing in Subjection and Obedience to Christ: Thus the Psalmist speaking of Christ's Kingdom, saith, *in the Day of thy Power*, when Christ shall reign by his Gospel and Spirit in the Souls of Men, *the People should be willing, free, ready, and full*

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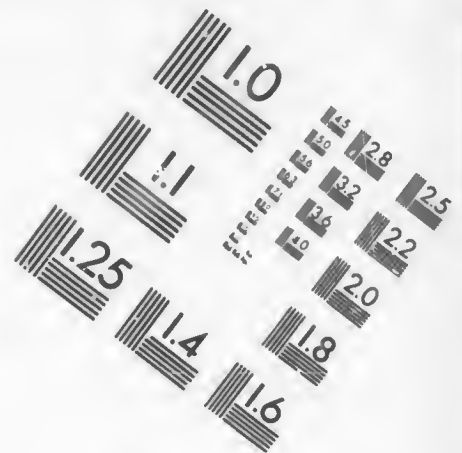
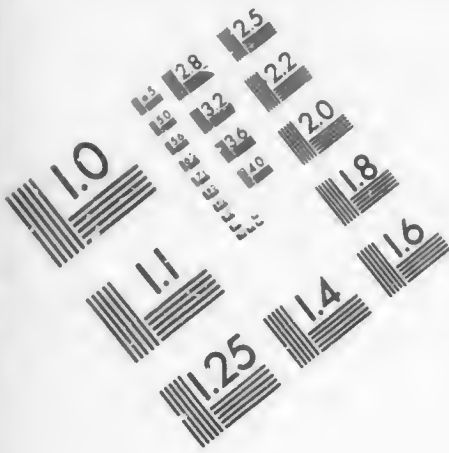
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full in their Subjection unto Christ, and his Enemies should bow before him, and lick the Dust; such as were Enemies, rebellious, and disobedient in their Unregeneration, should after their Conversion bow themselves, and lick the Dust, acknowledge and receive Christ as their Lord and King, and in very great Humility subject and prostrate both themselves and all theirs to him, and his Service; for as *Abner* entering into Covenant with *David*, and taking *David* for his King, undertook to bring about all *Israel* unto *David*; thus the Soul entering into Covenant with Christ, and taking Christ for its King, brings about all to Christ, and puts all in Subjection under Christ.

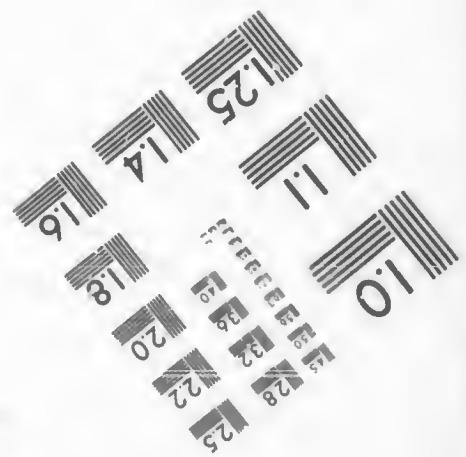
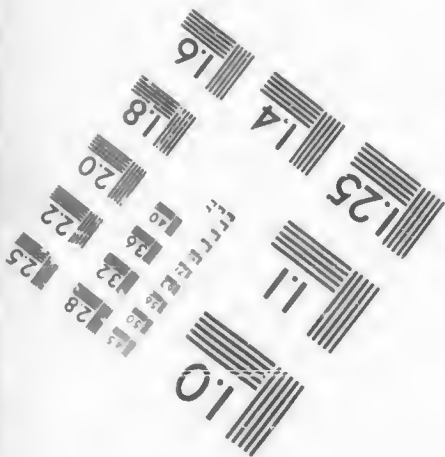
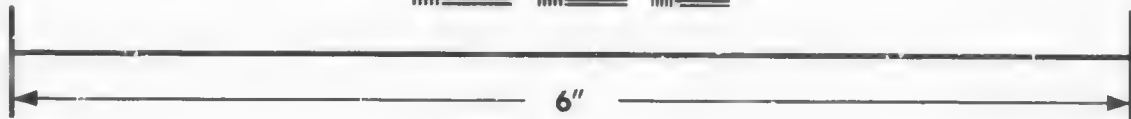
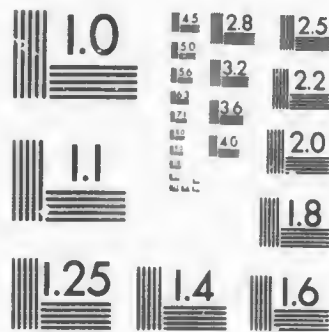
5. In regard of the holy and fervent Desire of a gracious Soul to exalt and set up Christ: This is the prime Labour, Joy and Comfort of a godly Soul, to see and feel Christ's Kingdom within him, to see up Christ in his Heart, and to discern him ruling and commanding there, as a King in his Throne, as a Pilot in the Ship; this is his Suit and Supplication unto God, that Christ's Kingdom may come, that Christ may reign and rule within him, as *David* sometimes thirsted; and longed to see the Power and Glory of God in

in the Sanctuary: So doth a godly Man long to see the Power and Glory of Christ in his Soul; to behold him reigning in his Heart: In the Day of *Solomon's* Coronation the People piped with Pipes, and rejoiced with great Joy, so that the Earth rung with the Sound thereof: In the Day of Christ's Coronation, and Reign in the Soul of Man, the Heart of Man rejoiced with exceeding great Joy, Christ's Dominion is a holy Soul's rejoicing: *The Kingdom of God is Righteousness and Peace; and Joy in the Holy Ghost.* It was the Care, Labour, and Joy of *David* to bring the Ark of the Lord into the Tabernacle, and in that Day *David* danced before the Lord with all his Might, and all the House of *Israel* brought up the Ark of the Lord with Shouting and with the Sound of a Trumpet, and set it in the Midst of the Tabernacle. Thus it is the Care, Labour, and Comfort of the whole Man that is godly, to set up Christ in the Midst of his Soul, to see him reigning in his Understanding, as the Sun in the Eye; guiding in his Will, as a Prince commanding it; in his Imagination, as the Object on which he thinketh with most Frequency; Delight and Comfort; in his Trust, as the only Rock whereon he buildeth;





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in his Fear, as the *King of Kings*, whom he chiefly reverenceth; and in his Love, as an *Husband* in the Love of the Wife: So powerful and operative is this Desire, Labour, and Joy of a gracious Soul, touching the Exaltation, Reign, and Rule of Christ within it; that as the People would have all the Men put to *Death* which would not have *Saul* reign over them: So doth such a Man mortify all his Lusts which oppose Christ's Kingdom, remove whatsoever may hinder Christ's spiritual Dominion, and make all vail and stoop for Christ's Exaltation within him.

6. In regard of a gracious Soul's *Acquiescence and Contentment with the Approbation of Christ*: In this it pleaseth, in this it bleaseth, delighteth, and satisfieth itself; whatsoever it hath besides it, this is instead of all, as the Sun is to the Eye instead of all Lights, and the Fountain to the Thirsty instead of all Bottles; the Approbation of Christ is of very great Price with a true Christian; his *Praise is not the Praise of Men but of God*; not to have the Approbation of Men to his Doings, but of God; not to have his Ear tickled with the empty Breath of vain Man's Applause; but with the solid

solid and sweet Inspiration, and Breathing of God's Spirit, assuring him of God's Acceptation of him; as our Saviour sought not himself, nor his own Praise, but the *Praise of his Father*, made it his *Meat and Drink* to do his Father's Will, and contented himself with his Father's Approbation, how unworthily soever Men thought of him: Thus all the Members of Christ in proportion seek not themselves, nor the Applause of Men, but the Testimony of Christ; in this they rejoice and solace themselves, in *all Things approving themselves to God*, as good Servants, in all Estates, in all Changes, in all their Undertakings; and this is the holy Glorifying, Rejoicing and Comfort of the Soul, to *glory* (as the Apostle saith) *in the Lord*; to glory in the *Dominion* of God, subjecting himself unto him, to glory in the *Power* of God, resting upon him, to glory in the *Testimony* of God, blessing and pleasing himself in God's Approbation; for not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth: God's Approbation is the Crown and Comfort of a Christian; and therefore as the Wife seeketh and rejoiceth in the Approbation of her Husband, though she displeaseth herself, and all the

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Family to enjoy it: Thus the Soul which is wedded to Christ seeks the Approbation of Christ, pleaseth himself herein, and for the Enjoyment whereof will displease his own Flesh, and all the World; he denies whatsoever is a Hinderance hereunto, he subjects himself wholly unto Christ, to gain and keep the Testimony of Christ; for as it was said of *Plato*, *Unius Platonis Calculum inter mille*, the Approbation of *Plato* alone was instead of a thousand: So the Testimony and Approbation of one Christ, of Christ alone, is more to a gracious Soul, than the Applause of the World, or whatsoever the Earth can afford; and for these and such like Causes doth a Man endued with true Holiness deny himself, his own Ends and Counsels, and prostrate all under Christ Jesus.

Consider this then, and see the dangerous Estate of Men who know not Christ, and subject not themselves to him and his Service; as the *Sodomites* would not have *Lot* to be a Judge among them, no more will many Men have Christ to reign over them; the Sons of *Belial* despise *Saul*, and brought him no Presents. Many like Sons of *Belial* despise Christ in his

his *Person*, they see no Beauty nor Comeliness in him, they despise him in his *Gospel*, they will not vail to his Scepter, they despise him in his *Embassadors*, they deny Audience and Reverence to their Message, they despise him in his *Offices*, they do not hear him as their Prophet; obey him as their King, they do not believe in him as the Priest who hath offered himself to God an all-sufficient Sacrifice for them, they despise him in his *Laws*; they burst them asunder, as *Sampson* burst his Withes: Strange and shameful is the Contempt offered by profane Persons to the Lord Jesus; and though they profess Christ, and pretend Christ, and will have Christ to be preached and spoken of among them; yet as the *Philistines*, though they entertained the Ark, yet they sat *Dagon* above, and would not endure the Presence thereof, when *Dagon* fell before it: So these Men, though they outwardly entertain Christ, and give him some Place amongst them, yet they will set their *Dagon*, their Lusts, their Pride, Pleasures, Profits, and Inventions above Christ; and if their *Dagon* fall, if Christ begin to shew his Power and Work upon their *Dagon*, discover, reprove, shame, and offer to cast down their Lusts, and will not suffer these

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these to reign, they grow very weary of Christ; his Presence is uncomfortable: Christ preached in his Power ever provés a Burthen to the Soul where Sin is pleasant and delightful; he that doth not deny himself denies Christ; he that allows not Christ a full and universal Dominion is a great Stranger to him.

Some deny not their *own Wisdom*, Christ reigns not in their Understanding, they are *wise in their own Eyes*, they embrace not Christ's Direction, Christ is not instead of Eyes unto them, as *Hobab* was to *Moses*, and Israel in their Journies through the Wilderness; they ask not Counsel of Christ, but walk after their own Counsel; they make not their Wisdom to stoop to Christ's Wisdom, and therefore Folly dwells with them, Christ is not known to them; he of all Men sees least of Christ, and continues most foolish, that most exalts and magnifies his own Knowledge.

Some deny not their *own Wills*, they make not Christ's Will the Rule of their Will, but set up their own Wills to be the Rule of Christ's Will, and make their own Will the Law by which they walk, as it was foretold of the King of Greece, that he should stand up and rule with great

great Dominion, and do according to his Will: So it is true of these Men, they stand up against Christ, and they rule and sway over Christ's Laws, Ministers, Ordinances, and Offices, and do all Things according to their own Will. In the Days of *Micah* the Idolater, there was no King in Israel, and every Man did that which was *right in his own Eyes*: Thus these Men are without a spiritual King, Christ doth not reign in their Souls, but they do what is right in their own Eyes, they are *rebellious People, lying Children, Children that will not hear the Law of the Lord, which say to the Seer, see not, and to the Prophets, prophesy not unto us right Things, speak unto us smooth Things, prophesy to us Deceits*. Christ hath no Kingdom in the Soul which is swayed by Vain Delusion, and carnal Counsel.

Some will not deny their *own Affections*, they will not put them under, but suffer them to lord it over Christ, Christ hath not the Preheminence in their Fear, Trust, Love, Joy; but as the Lord said to *Eli*, *thou honourést thy Sons above me*, so these Men honour their Affections and Lusts above Christ: *Solomon* observed in his Time *Servants riding on Horseback, and Princes walking on Foot*: Every Man may see

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see in these Times Mens natural Lusts and Affections, which should like Servants be kept under and suppressed, humbled, brought low; and made to walk on Foot; yet these are set on Horseback, exalted, honoured, preferred, and Christ the Prince of Peace, and all his Ordinances, Statutes, and Testimonies, which should reign and rule like Princes in the Soul of Man, these are made like Servants to travel on Foot; these are of no Esteem and Price with Men; these have no Rule and Sway in the Hearts of Men: *Herodias* hath Preheminence in the Heart of *Herod* above the Baptist; a *Swine* is of more Esteem than Christ with the *Gaderine*. Man's Exaltation of his corrupt Affections is a foul and shameful Abasement of Christ and his Ordinances.

Some deny not their *worldly Profits*; *Jesse* set *David* behind the Ewes, many set Christ behind the Ox and the Ass; the *Farm* and the *Wife*, their Merchandise and worldly Traffick, they prize the World above Christ, they love this more than they love Christ, the Love of the World carries their *Heart* far from Christ, when their Bodies draw near to Christ; the overvaluing of the Earth is an undervaluing of Christ; when the World is
over

over sweet and favoury to Mens Palates, their Souls *disrelish* Christ and his Ordinances; when the Earth is pleasant like a Paradise, Christ and all the Means of Grace are apprehended as a very Wilderness.

Some deny not their *own Pleasures*, but value them above Christ, as *Esau* did a few Pottage above his *Birthright*; some deny not their Pride, but as *Abalom* sought to reign, though it were to the Dishonour and Deposal of his Father *David* from his Throne: So they seek to magnify themselves; though to the Dishonour of God, and Deposal of Christ from his Throne in their Hearts; some deny not their own *Worth* and Goodness; they are rich and full in their own Opinions, as the Man in the Prophet, which dreamed, he *had eaten and was full*; some deny not their own *Superstitions*, they receive for Doctrines the Commandments of Men, they will see Christ in a Glass of their own framing, learn Christ in a School of their own erecting, and draw the Waters of Salvation out of a Cistern of their own digging; doubtless they are very few that have learned the great Lesson of living to Christ, questionless, Christ hath spiritual and heavenly Dominion in the
Souls

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Souls of few Men. Very full of base
 Respects and Purposes are the Hearts of
 many that profess Jesus Christ. The
 Prophet speaks of a Day, wherein seven
 Women should take hold of one Man, saying, we
 will eat our own Bread, and wear our own
 Apparel, only let us be called by thy Name, to
 take away our Reproach. There is a Day
 now, wherein seven, a very great Number,
 take hold of one Man Christ, by an out-
 ward Profession; but they will eat their
 own Bread, and wear their own Apparel,
 they will find their own Pleasures, walk
 in their own Ways, keep themselves
 apparelled with the old Man, they will
 not deny themselves, they will not put
 away their old Things, and make all
 Things new, they will only be called by
 the Name of Christ, to take away their
 Reproach of being reputed Atheists and
 Infidels among Men. Many Men that
 profess themselves Christians do shame-
 fully deny the Lord Jesus, and are far
 from the Denial of themselves, their own
 Counsels and Affections.

F I N I S.

Charlotte Percey her Book

Given her by her Mother

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord
 from henceforth, ye, saith the spirit that they
 may rest from their Labours and their

Works do for love them

Howe Knight his learned and

